JOHN BULL, MAY 11, 1935

TWOPENCE
Vol. LVII.
1508.

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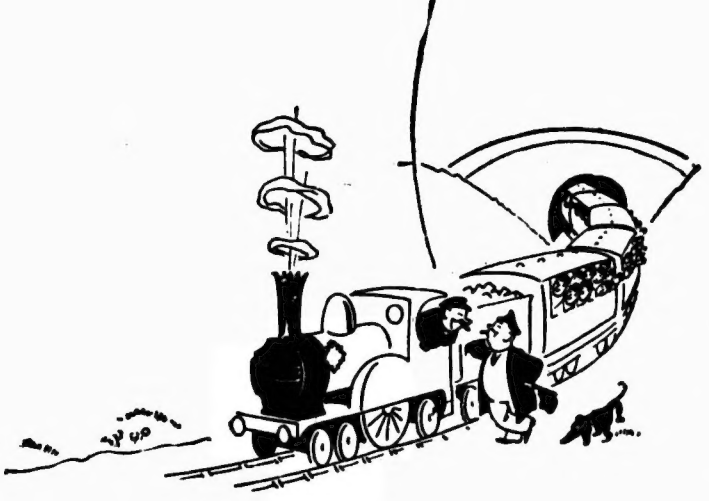

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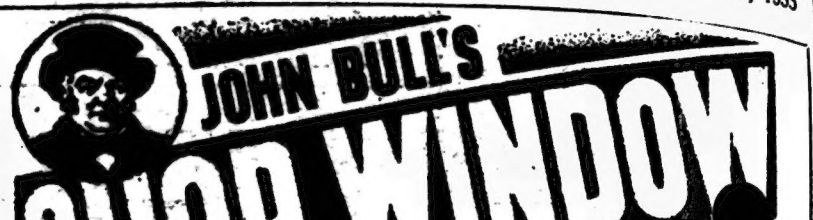

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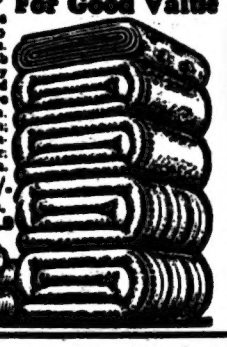

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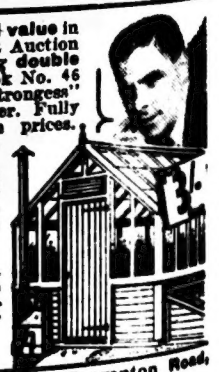

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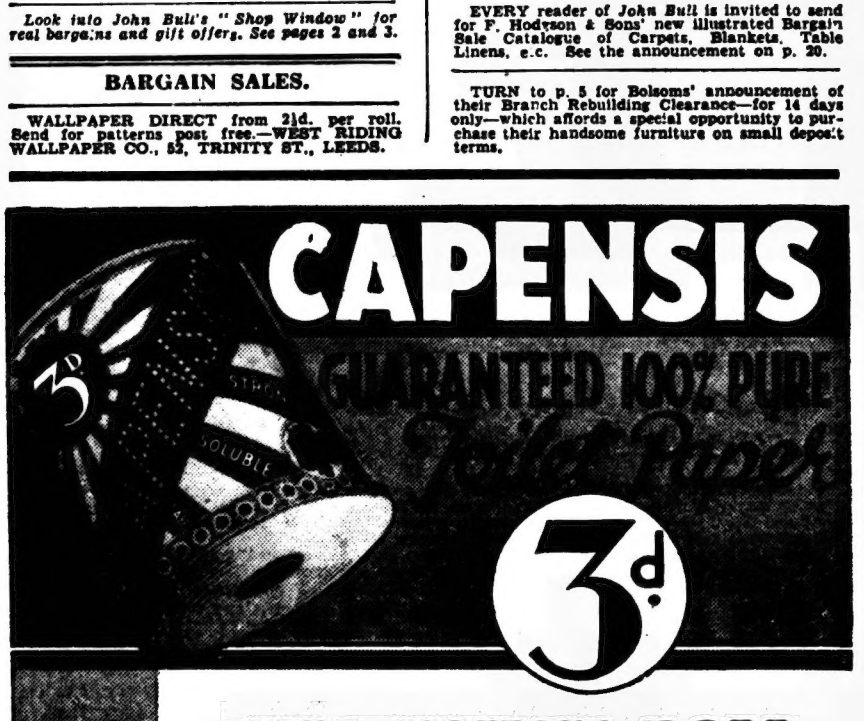
CYCLISTS! HIKERS! etc. Super Quality Velour Suedette Jackets, with Lightling Zipp front. Elastic waistband and two flap pockets. Special rainproof finish. Chocolate shade. All sizes. Usually 21/-. Yours for 10/- Post Free.—Send Now! Also Strong Khaki Shorts, 3/-.—Bell Brothers, 30, City Road, London, E.C.2.

EVERY EXPECTANT MOTHER

should send 2/- for my Baby-clothes parcel on appro. The complete 75-garment Home-made Layette for 30/-. (Cash payment or Terms.) Carrying Shawl, Robes, Day Gowns, L'cloth or Wincey Nighties, Wrapper, Vests, Flannels, Woollies, Pelts, Napkins, etc. A superior nursing home quality, 42/-. Also tucking sets, 18/6 and 25/-. — MRS. J. HOWARD, 66, DOVER ROAD, PORTSMOUTH.

EVERY reader of *John Bull* is invited to send for F. Hodgson & Sons' new illustrated Bargain Sale Catalogue of Carpets, Blankets, Table Linens, e.c. See the announcement on p. 20.

TURN to p. 5 for Bolsoms' announcement of their Branch Rebuilding Clearance—for 14 days only—which affords a special opportunity to purchase their handsome furniture on small deposit terms.



THIS TOILET ROLL WILL SAVE YOU MONEY

Money requires too much earning these days to spend it carelessly. That is why many housewives will be glad to learn of Capensis, which, although it costs only 3d., contains in every roll no fewer than 300 sheets of delightfully soft and soothing paper. But not only is Capensis extremely GOOD paper, it is also guaranteed to be pure and aseptic. This means that no matter what price you pay, or whether you buy medicated paper or not, it is impossible to buy a toilet roll that is safer in use. Why not ask for Capensis—YOU WILL SAVE MONEY.

Capensis is obtainable from most Grocers, Stores, Stationers, Hardware Merchants, Chemists, etc.

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JUBILEE Carnival Goods, Balloons, Hats, Novelties, etc. Send for special lists, post free. —"Uneedus," 70/72, Arundel St., Portsmouth.

WALLPAPERS FROM 2d. ROLL. NEW BARGAIN BOOK. POST FREE. (J.B.) BRUCE & HALL, SOUTH SHIELDS.

CHINA. 120 articles, Jugs, Plates, Cups, Scrs., Mugs, &c., 10/-. 1,000 dinner sets FREE. 48 Cups & Scrs., 4/-. Glass & Hardware Col. Catlg. & Guide worth £5, FREE. Bridge St. Pottery, Dept. 9, Burslem.

WALLPAPERS from Mills from 2½d. roll. New designs. Patterns post free. — Osborne Mills (Dept. 5), Rochdale Road, Manchester.

WOOLS.—Summer Supply at reduced prices. Rug Guide, samples Rug and Knit Wools free.—Newcastle Wool Co., Ltd. (Dept. 71), Newcastle/Tyne.

WALLPAPERS (All British).—Free Book 1935 newest designs by return post.—Eclipse Wallpapers, Shields Road, Newcastle/Tyne.

PURE OIL PAINTS, all colours, 4 lb. 1/6, 7 lb. 2/6. Fine varnish, 2/6 quart. 6/- orders Carr. paid. Colour card on request.—BROOKES STORES, HOLDERNESS ROAD, HULL.

WALLPAPERS. — THE BLAKEY MORRIS FAMOUS PATTERN BOOK POST FREE.—Dept. J.B.55, London Rd., SOUTHWARK, S.E.1.

WRITE, mentioning *John Bull*, for a free copy of the new 1935 HERCULES Magazine to the Hercules Cycle and Motor Co., Ltd., Aston, Birmingham. See p. 12.

SCORES of new patterns just out and something really new in every one, can now be seen at any 50/- Tailoring Shop. Because they buy on such a big scale and sell direct, the 50/- Tailors can afford to get the best cloth and to carry an enormous range of distinctive designs. See p. 31.

FREE.—Fill in the coupon in the Royal Enfield Cycle advt. on p. 26 for a free catalogue explaining all about Enfield cycles, which can be obtained on easy terms of 2/- weekly.

Look into John Bull's "Shop Window" for real bargains and gift offers. See pages 2 and 3.

WIRELESS AND MUSICAL.

PIANO-ACCORDIONS from 42/-. 7/- monthly. Banjos, Guitars, Drums, Trumpets, all Accessories, etc. 1935 46-p. cat. free.—Terms. RAYMOND, J.B., 5, Laurence Pountney Hill, E.C.4.

CRANE'S WEEKLY PIANO BARGAIN. BOARD. Excellent condition throughout. Modern design. Check Action. 21 gns. or 10/6 monthly. Free delivery. Write for Catalogue "36" of Pianos, Player Pianos and Organs. Crane & Sons, Ltd., Hanover Street, Liverpool, 1.

Look into John Bull's "Shop Window" for real bargains and gift offers. See pages 2 and 3.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy, proved by testimonials. Write The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a specialist's Positive Cure for removing the cause. No fasting, dieting or interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for Generous Supply or 1½d. stamp for details. — Richard Tablet Co., 34/38, Codnor, Derby.

CEPHOS quickly soothes Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago. The remedy of a Harley Street Physician. Perfectly safe, does not affect the heart. In Powders or Tablets. Send P.C. for Free Sample to Cephos, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), Blackburn.

RANKIN'S HEAD OINTMENT is a sure and quick way of banishing all head pests. At the same time it adds lustre to the hair and improves its growth. Thousands of families have proved its effectiveness during the past 30 years. Sold in boxes, 4d. and 8d., from all good Chemists, or by post, 5½d. and 9½d. from RANKIN & CO., Dept. "G," KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

WEAK NERVES.—If you suffer from Weak Nerves, Depression, Worry, Insomnia, Morbid Fears, Shyness, etc., send for my free book.—Mr. Rivers (J.B.15), 40, Lamb's Conduit St., W.C.1.

FREE samples of CUTICURA Soap, Ointment and Talcum are offered in the advt. on p. 39. Simply enclose a 1d. stamp for postage and address Cuticura (Dept. 78 I), c/o Newbery & Phillips, Ltd., 31, Banner Street, London, E.C.1.

FREE to sufferers from leg troubles. Write to the New Era Treatment Co., Ltd. (Dept. 15), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1, for a free sample of ELASTO, the new biological remedy, and a copy of a special free booklet, the "Story of Elasto," fully explaining how this great blood revitaliser cures through the blood. Turn to the back cover.

MANY useful SHADFORTH Remedies are advertised on p. 14. They are reasonably priced and will bring you back to health. Order any of those you need at once, and accept the valuable free book offer which can be obtained with every order for any of the remedies offered in this announcement.

BANISH Rheumatism, Lumbago, Gout and painful inflammation with ELTONA Brand Lotion. Turn to the advt. on p. 18 and read how you may test this wonderful Lotion under a "Money Back" Guarantee.

Look into John Bull's "Shop Window" for real bargains and gift offers. See pages 2 and 3.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite), Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. BENTLEY & CO., 65, New Bond St., Ldn., W.1.

Look into John Bull's "Shop Window" for real bargains and gift offers. See pages 2 and 3.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CHINA.—18 pc. Teasets 1/11. Crates of Cups, Scrs., Plates, Jugs, etc., 10/-. Amazing gifts and list FREE.—Direct Pottery, 19, Burslem.

HOW TO DRESS WELL on 10/- or £1 per month. No references required, even from non-householders. Call or write to Dept. M246 for Ladies' Summer Catlg., Also Gentlemen's Catlg.—SMARTWEAR, LTD., 263-271, Regent St., Ldn., W.

SLEEP.—Having entirely freed myself from Insomnia after 20 years' torture of sleeplessness, I shall be delighted to tell sufferers of this home method that never fails. Just send a postcard to: "P.," Desk 3, 20, Eton Ave., London, N.12.

SEND for the full list of L.M.S. "Inexpensive Holidays"—which include a number of really good outings as well as hotel or boarding-house accommodation—to the address given in the advt. on page 32. Or apply to nearest L.M.S. Station.

GIFTS of every description for the home, for you, for all the family! Turn to the STORK MARGARINE advt. on p. [illegible].

ALL dog-lovers should turn to the Spratt's announcement on p. 20.

FOR the holiday of your life go to Blackpool! There's everything for your enjoyment, whatever your mood. Send for guide and full particulars to P. W. Foster, Town Hall, Blackpool. See p. 37.

HAVE you tried "Sco"—the new oven cleaner? If your grocer or ironmonger cannot supply, send his name and address with yours, to "Sco," 156, Smedley Street, London, S.W.8, and a free sample tin sufficient for a thorough test will be sent to you. This offer appears in the advt. on p. 34.

A FREE testing sample of Kotalko for the Hair and Kotalko Soap will be sent in return for the coupon on p. 16.

NAIL-BITING. A real cure at last! Free booklet, sent privately for 1½d. stamp, explains how you can free yourself (or child) of this objectionable, health-endangering habit.—Filtex, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), 31, Broadway, Crouch End, London, N.8.

IMPORTANT TO EVERY READER. *John Bull's* "Shop Window" (pages 2 and 3) is well worth looking into every week. Here you will find real bargains and genuine gift offers. There is something for everyone—for you!

Look into John Bull's "Shop Window" for real bargains and gift offers. See pages 2 and 3.

BOLSOMS' BRANCH REBUILDING CLEARANCE

FOR 14 DAYS ONLY

a Very Special Opportunity

OWING TO THE REBUILDING OF OUR BRANCH AT KILBURN WE HAVE A LARGE SURPLUS STOCK OF MAGNIFICENT SHOWROOM SUITES—ORIGINALLY INTENDED FOR EXHIBITION THERE — WHICH WE NOW OFFER FOR IMMEDIATE DISPOSAL AT THE KEENEST OF CASH PRICES.

THIS IS AN EXCEPTIONAL OPPORTUNITY FOR YOU TO SECURE SOME FINE CRAFTSMAN-BUILT FURNITURE ON UNUSUALLY ADVANTAGEOUS TERMS.

IMPORTANT.—IF TAKING ADVANTAGE OF OUR EASY NO DEPOSIT TERMS YOU DO NOT LOSE THE BENEFIT OF OUR VERY KEEN CASH VALUES.

THE SIGN OF STRAIGHTFORWARD SHOPKEEPING

AGNIFICENT 5-PIECE 4 ft. FIGURED WALNUT BEDROOM SUITE

COMPRISING

4 FT. WARDROBE
DRESSING TABLE
CUPBOARD - CHEST
4 FT. BEDSTEAD
AND COIL SPRING

CASH PRICE **10 GNS**

OR DELIVERED ON FIRST OF 23 MONTHLY PAYMENTS **10/-**

FREE DELIVERY IN ENGLAND AND WALES.

BEAUTIFULLY FIGURED WALNUT VENEERS

No. S.P. 559. Superbly built in richly figured Walnut veneers, carefully matched and beautifully polished; laminated sides to all pieces. 4ft. Wardrobe fitted inside with hooks; Fitted Cupboard 3ft. 10ins. high by 2ft. 6ins. wide, fitted with sliding hangerrail. SUITE COMPLETE with 4ft. BEDSTEAD AND COIL SPRING, **10 Gns.**

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE POST FREE

MASSIVE 5-PIECE 4 FT. SUITE IN FIGURED OAK

COMPRISING

4 FT. WARDROBE
DRESSING TABLE
3-DRAWER CHEST
4 FT. BEDSTEAD
& COIL SPRING

CASH PRICE **10 GNS** FREE DELIVERY IN ENGLAND AND WALES

OR DELIVERED ON FIRST OF 23 MONTHLY PAYMENTS **10/-**

MASSIVELY BUILT IN EVERY PARTICULAR & WELL FINISHED

No. SP 560. A massively constructed and handsomely designed Suite in richly figured Oak, polished Jacobean shade. The 4 ft. Wardrobe is fitted with shelves, rail and hooks and mirror inside door.
SUITE COMPLETE WITH 4 FT. BEDSTEAD AND COIL SPRING **10 gns.**

HANDSOME MODERN LOUNGE SUITE IN FULL-GRAINED REAL HIDE

CASH PRICE **10 GNS**

OR DELIVERED ON FIRST OF 23 MONTHLY PAYMENTS OF **10/-**

PULLMAN-SPRUNG CUSHIONS

No. SP 660. A craft-man-built modern Lounge Suite with break-front, extended arms and boxed-out back. Well-sprung and upholstered in full-grained cow-hide with Rexine outsides. The long comfortable seats are fitted with Pullman-sprung cushions in brown velveteen. Settee 51 ins. wide. Easy Chair 31 ins. wide. Seats 23 ins. deep

FREE DELIVERY IN ENGLAND & WALES

LUXURIOUS LOUNGE SUITE IN TAPESTRY

FEATHER BACK CUSHIONS

3-PIECE SUITE COMPLETE

CASH PRICE **10 GNS**

FREE DELIVERY IN ENGLAND & WALES

OR DELIVERED ON FIRST OF 23 MONTHLY PAYMENTS **10/-**

PULLMAN-SPRUNG CUSHIONS

DEEP-SPRUNG SEATS WITH SPRUNG EDGES. No. SP 402. A magnificent Craftsman-Built Suite of luxurious proportions with large comfortable arms of unusual design and deep well-sprung seats with sprung edges. The entire Suite superbly upholstered in High-Grade Tapestries in Blues, Fawns or Greens and fitted with 5 Pullman Sprung Seat Cushions and 5 Feather Back Cushions. Settee 67 ins. wide. Easy Chair 35 ins. wide. Free Delivery in England and Wales.

MAGNIFICENT 3-PIECE BED-SETTEE SUITE

IN HIDE - EFFECT REXINE AND RICH MODERN VELOURS

CASH PRICE **10 GNS**

Free Delivery in England and Wales

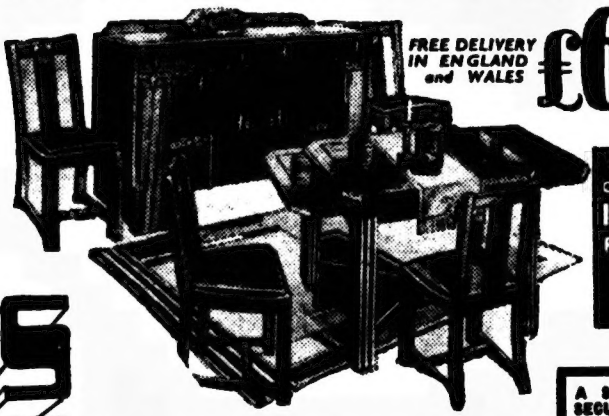
OR DELIVERED ON FIRST OF 23 MONTHLY PAYMENTS OF **10/-**

STUFFED WITH CURLED ALGERIAN BLACK FIBRE

SETTEE FITTED WITH EASY ALL-METAL ACTION

No. SP 553. Suite upholstered in Rexine and Velours in Blues, Fawns or Greens. BED-SETTEE fitted with all-metal action, wire spring and overlay. 54 ins. wide and extends to 6 ft. EASY CHAIRS 32 ins. wide with patent sprung seats and sprung edges.

HANDSOME SOLIDLY-BUILT 6-PIECE FIGURED OAK SUITE



FREE DELIVERY IN ENGLAND and WALES

CASH PRICE **£6-19-6**

OR DELIVERED ON FIRST OF 15 MONTHLY PAYMENTS OF **10/-**

No. SP 567. A Handsome, solidly built Suite in richly figured Oak, well finished and polished a deep mellow brown. 4 ft. Sideboard fitted with 2 drawers (one lined green baize) and large cupboard. 5 ft. by 3 ft. Drawleaf Table and 4 Saddle-seated chairs with massive frames.

IF YOU CANNOT CALL POST YOUR ORDER—

with remittance or send Deposit (Cheques, M.O.s or P.O.s should be crossed, Treasury Notes should be Registered) to Dept. J.B. 8, 40/44, Strand, W.C.2. Phone VICTORIA 7014/9. Goods sent Carriage Forward to Scotland, Ireland, and addresses off the mainland.

Phone: Victoria 7014/9.

AND AT 58, DEANSGATE, MANCHESTER

BOLSOMS

40-44, STRAND, W.C.2. 60 OXFORD ST., W.1.

Open daily 9 a.m.—8 p.m. Sat. 9 p.m. Close Thurs. 1 p.m. Open daily 9 a.m.—8 p.m. Close Sat. 1 p.m.

5-11 WESTBOURNE GROVE and 167-9 QUEENS ROAD, W.2.

Open daily 9 a.m.—8 p.m. Close Sat. 1 p.m.

A SMALL DEPOSIT SECURES ANY SUITE. Free Storage until required.

Props.: BOLSOM BROS. (1928), LTD.

"It's amazing how such a good cigarette costs only 4d for 10."
PACKETS OF
10 for 4d
and 15 for 6d
OVAL TINS OR NEW FLAT BOXES 30 for 1/-
PICCADILLY
Junior SIZE – SENIOR QUALITY
VIRGINIA CIGARETTES
PICCADILLY
GRAND PRIX PARIS 1911
PICCADILLY
Juniors
VIRGINIA
CARRERAS LTD. 55 PICCADILLY, LONDON W.
10
P.J. 61.
TRY PICCADILLY JUNIORS TODAY—NEW! FRESH!—MADE TO CARRERAS QUALITY STANDARD

JOHN BULL

THURSDAY,

For week ending Saturday, May 11, 1935. Twopence. *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, 1d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.*

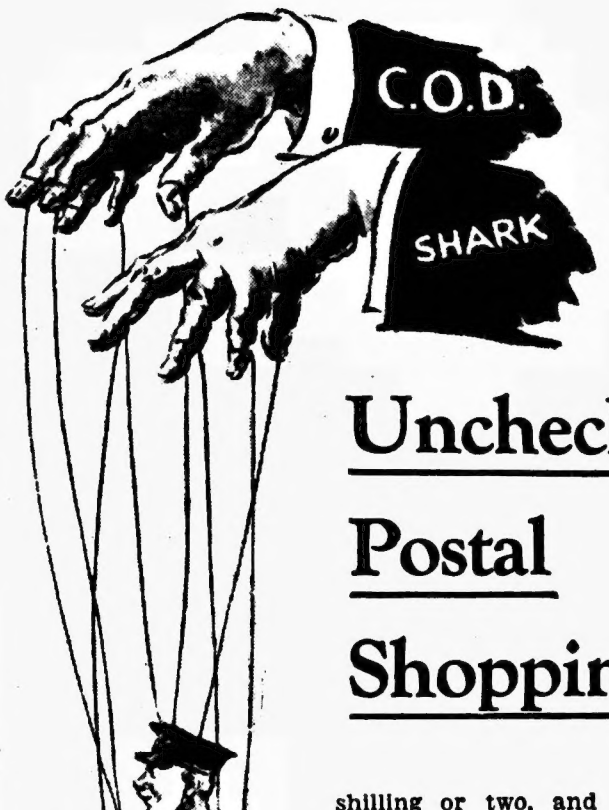
95, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

Telephone: TEMPLE BAR 2468.

Telegrams: HEROICALLY, LONDON.

Without Fear or Favour

Catch the C.O.D. SHARK!



Unchecked Postal Shopping Evil

THE C.O.D. system—the method of "paying the postman" when goods ordered are delivered—was one of the most brilliant ideas evolved by the Post Office, and it has proved a boon and a blessing to trade and public alike.

But, as we have revealed before, it has also provided a profitable field for rogues and unscrupulous firms who are exploiting the public in thousands throughout the country, and the scandal is now passing beyond all bounds.

JOHN BULL has a very special interest in the success of C.O.D. For, as our readers will recall, we campaigned unceasingly for this system of postal shopping until at last it came into being.

The Post Office authorities are at last becoming concerned at the growth and the extent of these ramps based on the C.O.D. scheme. And they may well be, for its huge achievement (52,500,000 C.O.D. parcels were delivered last year, an increase of nearly one million over the previous twelve months) is based almost entirely on the public's confidence.

That confidence must not be shaken.

One phase of the ramp is shown by the experience of a London reader. His daughter was being married, and one day among the various parcels arriving at the house containing presents and such-like, the postman brought a package marked C.O.D. The label bore the name of a London firm describing themselves as fancy goods dealers. The bill was 7s. 9d.

As almost everybody knows, the postman requires payment before a C.O.D. parcel can be surrendered and opened by the addressee. Our reader paid up, assuming that the parcel contained goods ordered by his daughter or some other member of the family.

☆ ★ ☆

When the parcel was opened it was found to contain some cheap imported trinkets, certainly worth less than the sum paid. There was also a printed letter enclosed, to the effect that the senders had seen a notice of the forthcoming marriage in the Press, that they tendered their best wishes, and at the same time "took the liberty" of sending the bride-to-be one of their "special lines at what is undoubtedly a bargain price."

It so happened that our reader was a man of sense. He treated this impudent try-on as it deserved—by sending the parcel and its contents back to the firm and demanding the return of his money. He got it by return of post.

The same firm, besides scanning the forthcoming marriage announcements in the London and provincial Press, also watches the births notices.

A woman in a Birmingham nursing home received a C.O.D. parcel from this firm, and, assuming that it contained goods ordered for herself or the baby, she instructed the nurse to pay the amount the postman demanded—about 15s. Again the parcel contained stuff worth only a shilling or two, and completely useless to her. In this case the victim let the matter drop.

Most people do the same—about seven out of ten of those who are caught by this game.

Firms who send unsolicited goods C.O.D. must refund the money and all postal charges if the victim protests and takes action on the matter. But the majority of the public are reluctant to take the trouble, and it is on this fact that the promoters of the dodge rely.

Usually only small sums are concerned, from about 5s. upwards, but always less than £1; but with hundreds of parcels going out a week, and with seven out of ten successes, the profits reach a very handsome figure.

One firm operating from Manchester has a method which lessens the risk of returned parcels still further. It works from obituary notices.

In a case before us a registered C.O.D. parcel arrived addressed to the dead man on the very day of his funeral. The relatives took the parcel in and paid the postman 16s. 6d.

This firm encloses no letters with its goods, and simply banks on the fact that the "catch" goods will arrive at a house at a time when people are too worried and grief-stricken to bother about enquiries and will usually assume that the dead man had ordered the goods.

Usually the dodge comes off. But in this case the firm concerned made a mistake. The son of the house opened the parcel after the funeral and he found a cheap cut-glass whisky decanter, a thing his dead father would never have ordered either for himself or for a present—for the plain reason that all his life he had been a teetotaler and an ardent temperance worker in the town.

He at once got into touch with the senders, asking when the order was given and who had given it. By return of post the firm sent an evasive letter "admitting" that a mistake had been made and enclosing a money order for the amount the family had paid, with a request that the parcel should be returned to it.

A more serious phase, however, of this mean and unscrupulous C.O.D. racket is its increasing use by fraudulent and "fly-by-night" mail order firms.

A woman at Slough had a C.O.D. parcel delivered at her house when she was out. The maid paid the money, 5s. 6d. The parcel contained an assortment of almost worthless rubbish.

The woman's letter to the senders demanding her money back was returned, marked "Gone away." Subsequent enquiries showed that the firm occupied an accommodation address, and that its method was to send out hundreds of parcels, C.O.D., containing goods priced at ten times their worth, despatching them all on the same day.

As soon as the money came in the rogues decamped, to reopen proceedings again in another town under another name.

Such tactics, of course, are matters for the police. But with the method first described—that of sending unsolicited goods C.O.D. in the hope that the addressee will pay up and say no more—it is very difficult to prove fraud.

☆ ★ ☆

There is no doubt that this racket is being practised now on a very large and growing scale. And the only remedy, it would appear, lies with strong action by the Post Office authorities.

We suggest that the regulations whereby C.O.D. facilities are granted to trading firms should be very considerably strengthened by guarantees or otherwise. Reputable traders would not object to this. On receiving the very first complaint against a firm, for which it can give no reasonable explanation, the Post Office should immediately withdraw its facilities for C.O.D. business.

The public, too, can help. We warn our readers to be on their guard. Refuse any parcel delivered C.O.D. unless you have good grounds for believing that it is a genuine order. If it is not, and you have already "paid the postman," take it round at once to the local postmaster for his action in the matter.

The Post Office does not want the success of its great C.O.D. scheme jeopardised. But it is now being seriously threatened by this cunning and impudent ramp.

With a little more action from the authorities and co-operation from the public it can be stamped out.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

Risky Beauty Parlours: Warning to Women

An Inquisition for Parents

Two Very Silly Parsons

Yet another accident in the beauty parlour—while the untrained girl looks helplessly on!

ONCE and for all, the peril in the beauty parlour must be banished! For it is all the graver now that nearly every other woman in the land regularly attends a hairdressing saloon, and new establishments are springing up everywhere to cope with the demand.

We must emphasise that an appalling number of these so-called "beauty parlours" are not merely unworthy of patronage, but by employing untrained assistants and allowing them to use many varieties of electrical equipment, should be officially banned.

Beauty's dangers

That the danger is recognised by reputable hairdressers and beauty specialists has been made plain time and again. The latest warning comes from the Hairdressers' Conference in Manchester, where a speaker has demanded Government action.

We agree with him that official attention must be given to the type of "get rich quick" hairdresser who, though extracting large premiums from parents on the promise of training young people in the business, is not competent to give such training.

It is hardly surprising that there has been a large number of accidents to customers at the hands of young girls who are quite unskilled in the use of electrical apparatus.

Serious injuries

Many such cases have recently occupied the attention of the courts and damages have been awarded against the "beauty specialists" responsible.

One woman, whose scalp was badly burned while undergoing hair-waving treatment, secured heavy compensation. Another, whose hair was burnt and "killed," obtained damages and costs. A West London lady who received a burn which proved septic from an electrical machine was given judgment.

There have been large numbers of cases in which the negligent hairdresser has wisely decided to "settle out of court."

Violent shock

Quite typical of many women's experiences is that of a provincial lady who received so violent an electrical shock that she was shot out of the machine.

After much trouble and threats of litigation, the hairdresser was induced to pay her £50 in settlement of her claim: chiefly, no doubt, because he dared not allow the case to be taken to court.

For there he would have been forced to admit that, at the time of the accident, the machine concerned was being operated by a fifteen-year-old girl who had received no training!

No safeguards

The most extraordinary feature of the present situation is that such unscrupulous hairdressers are under no obligation to employ skilled operatives.

Even machines which work on high voltages, and which a Harley Street specialist would use only with the greatest care, may be operated by children little past the school-leaving age!

In this respect we lag far behind foreign countries, which enforce strict regulations to safeguard customers. We are, in fact, the only important country in the world which permits such dangerous practices.

Madam, take care!

We have no wish to alarm the millions of women who patronise beauty establishments. But we must urge them to attend only those places which employ trained operatives. In their own interests, they should be wary of all others.

And we must impress upon the Government the urgent need for safety regulations in the trade, and for the compulsory third-party insurance of hairdressers.

Building boom

The latest example of how wise spending makes employment comes from the building industry.

Plans for new houses are now being passed at the rate of £1,500,000 a month above last year's figures—and last month alone 16,000 more building workers found jobs.

The building societies this year are expecting to advance £130,000,000 to people who want to buy their own houses.

All that the Government can spare for the distressed areas is—two millions.

Lest we forget

For, though we know that trade is slowly improving, we must impress on Ministers that it will not benefit some hard-hit towns for years unless active measures are taken to speed it up.

Let them consider the case of Withnell, in Lancashire, which has just received the death-blow to its hopes of a return to prosperity by the demolition of its great cotton mill, and where 75 per cent. of the population are workless.

Let them consider the many other once-busy centres that are now derelict.

Cold comfort

We are far from satisfied that all is being done to open up other avenues of employment or to secure a more equitable distribution of the country's wealth for these areas.

It is poor consolation for the idle cotton operatives of Lancashire and the miners of Durham to be told from every hoarding that everything in the industrial gardens of other parts of the country is perfectly lovely.

Inquisition

We welcome the Lord Chief Justice's criticism of the inquisition imposed upon the parents of children who win scholarships, particularly as it appears to have been passed by the Board of Education.

That people should be asked to write, among other things, their latest income-tax assessments on forms that can be seen by other ratepayers is, as he well describes it, utterly offensive.

Old at forty?

And we agree with Sir Thomas Oliver, the physician, that the cry of "too old at forty" is folly. But we think he has forgotten something when he declares that if the elderly have to step aside because of the incessant demands of youth and its growing numbers, then there will be a larger number of aged people for the State to maintain.

He has forgotten that a virile nation cannot afford to have its young people deprived of their rightful opportunities because, since people now live longer, men continue to work to a greater age than formerly.

And we think it will prove much better politics to grant old-age pensions at an earlier age than to prevent the younger and more energetic members of society from making their way in the world.

When tea is vicious

We fear we cannot share the indignation of a Glasgow parson because friends visit his parishioners for Sunday tea and so keep them away from the evening service.

"A false sense of courtesy" and "a vicious custom" are two of the phrases used by the Rev. E. Hayes, of St. Barnabas Episcopal Church. It doesn't seem to occur to him that the folk concerned may be good Christians offering hospitality on the only day that permits them to do so.

Just silly

Nor do we think much of the attitude of parsons like the Rev. Eric Bates, of Teddington, who refused to allow his Scouts to attend the annual St. George's Day parade because the service was held in a Free church.

There have been so many such quibbles recently that we imagine the public are getting heartily tired of them, and only the ministers concerned can possibly believe that such intolerance will improve the prestige of the Church.

White hope

George Williams, bantam-weight champion of Wales, must be feeling more than the usual smart of defeat at having lost on points to Johnny King. For had he won, the big purse might have saved his four-year-old daughter from the threat of being a cripple for life.

She has been lying in hospital for seven months following a street accident, and her father is trying to afford special treatment for her.

We are told that he has not yet lost hope, and we wish him the best of luck.

Where girls are scarce

A new problem for the doctors is provided by the Essex village of Dunton, where baby girls are becoming a rarity. Of the twenty-nine children born during the past fourteen months, twenty-eight were boys and only one a girl.

As we are told that mothers whose babies were all girls when living in London have found the sequence changed into a string of boys after going to live at Dunton, we fancy there may also be a housing problem there in the near future.

By ladder only

Mention of housing reminds us of the terrible slum homes at Spennymoor, County Durham, which the local council is seeking to demolish.

They have step-ladders instead of stairs by which tenants have to climb from the ground floor to the bedrooms, and some of the ladders are even without hand-rails.

There is strong opposition to the demolition proposal from the owners, who assert that there has been no epidemic in the district for years. Comfort and the ordinary conveniences are presumably considered unimportant by them.

Getting it both ways

A reader complains that after paying two guineas to an agency to secure a nursemaid, she finds that the girl is having to pay two shillings a week for having obtained the job. So the agent gets money from both employer and employee.

Judging by our correspondence, this mean practice seems fairly common, though it is frowned upon by most reputable agencies.

War dead neglected?

Another reader alleges that the bodies of our war dead which are still found in the Ypres area are being interred without any burial service or military honours. He adds that these long-dead soldiers are conveyed to the mortuary in a small motor van and left there for some days.

What has the War Graves Commission to say about this serious charge?

Mercy not wanted

Though judges are now passing extremely light sentences for certain types of bigamy, we are glad no mercy has been extended to a Surrey man named Bertie William Green.

After deserting his wife and nine children, because of which they had to go into an institution, he "married" again. Eighteen months' hard labour is certainly not a day too long for so callous a rascal.

Very strange!

It seems very odd that whenever the Air Ministry finds a new bombing site it turns out to be a fishing ground which provides a living for many villagers.

This time the Ministry is talking of dropping live bombs at Amble, on the Northumbrian coast, where £1,600 has been spent recently on salmon breeding grounds, and on which a large number of hard-hit fisherfolk depend!

An alert P.C.

A Derbyshire constable read our recent exposure of the "Rev." James Bralee, the shameless charity-monger collecting for a fictitious Children's Friendly Society. He began enquiries, with the result that the bogus parson has been sentenced, at Derby, to a month's imprisonment for fraud.

Readers will share our regard for this astute constable's swift action.

The Fragrant Minute.

BOOK OF BOOKS

"TWO things go together which no man can part. Dust upon the Bible, drought within the heart." . . .

Art thou parched and weary? Take thy Bible down. The dust on its covers have turned the edges brown. But inside, ah! inside, there are living waters. Enough for all the sons of men; yea, for all the daughters.

Comfort for all sorrow, forgiveness for each sin. Take down the Bible—there's Bread and Wine within. Lyric and drama; war's disgraceful story; prophecy and epic; and true salvation's glory.

Songs for your joyousness, balm for your grief. Tree of Life within one Book—root, fruit and leaf.

Wilhelmina Stitch.

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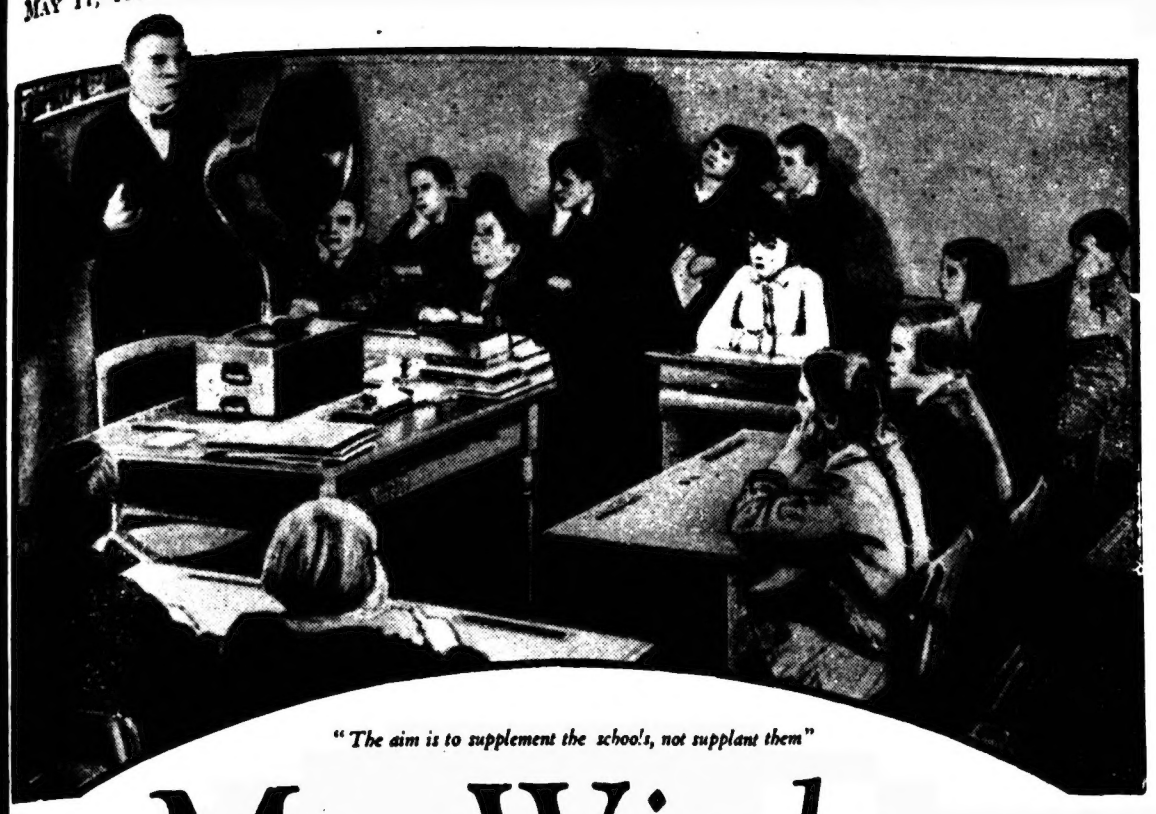
Wilhelmina Stitch will always be very pleased to hear from JOHN BULL readers. Address letters to her c/o The Editor, JOHN BULL.



"The aim is to supplement the schools, not supplant them"

My Wireless CLASS OF 70,000

by Mary Somerville

(Head of the B.B.C. Schools Department, which last week began its new "term")

DOES it sound fantastic to speak of a class with 70,000 pupils?

Yet that is the colossal number of Britain's school children often listening to the radio lessons now broadcast.

Dance music, drama and variety are the aspects of broadcasting with which the majority of adult listeners are most familiar. Some people who seldom get a chance to switch on their radio sets except in the evenings may be only vaguely aware that, after numerous experiments lasting over ten years, the B.B.C. has succeeded in establishing an extensive schools' programme.

No fewer than 2,500 teachers scattered all over the country sent reports to the B.B.C. last autumn giving constructive criticisms as a result of their experience in using the different broadcast courses which this term cover such varied subjects as history, geography, travel, Nature study, gardening, biology, modern languages and music. Illustrated pamphlets, of which over 200,000 copies are now sold every term, are provided to accompany each lesson.

Pity the poor children, I can imagine some people saying! But wait. These school broadcasts are not mere excerpts from dry-as-dust textbooks.

AN idea of the attractiveness infused into some of these rather forbidding subjects will be gained if I tell you about the English lessons. One series of talks last term was entitled "The Fun of Writing," and was given by S. P. B. Mais. He told his juvenile listeners all about diaries, biographies, how to describe things and places effectively, and exactly how to tell a story.

But we have gone further than that. In order to take full advantage of the possibilities of the wireless medium, an entirely new teaching technique has been evolved. Let me explain by an example.

"The Coming of Printing" was the title of an interesting broadcast of a type we call a "dramatic interlude." This was not merely a dramatisation of an historical incident, as might be supposed. The children were enabled clearly to visualise the state of affairs in Caxton's time and the reception accorded to the invention of printing.

Carefully prepared "sound effects" were broadcast, linked by explanations, which illustrated the response of the populace, the opposition of the scribes—who thought their occupation had gone, how the priests welcomed the idea, and so on. Scenes were "reconstructed" to picture the crowds outside the building containing the first printing press, while the King inspected the new machine inside.

In this manner a graphic impression of the coming of printing and its consequences was created in the mind of every child listener. Will anyone venture to dispute that this is not infinitely better than merely reading in a history book about Caxton's revolutionary invention? Is it not likely to be vividly remembered?

Here is another example of broadcasting teaching technique which springs to my mind as I write:

Some time ago we presented a broadcast on "Tudor Weddings." Actual Elizabethan wedding music was faded in at the appropriate moments. "And what do you think they threw at the bride?" the unseen listeners were asked. "Rice?" the teacher went on. "Oh dear, no. They had no rice in England then. They used gilded wheat at weddings in those days."

What is the hidden purpose behind all this? The object is to stimulate the children's minds. They are excited into thinking, instead of becoming passive recipients of information.

Highly interesting experiments have been carried out in connection with these school broadcasts. Sir Walford Davies tried the plan of giving music lessons to a group of children in the studio, but schools who listened reported "We like him to talk to *us*—not to a class of other children."

Then in French, broadcasting allows the children to hear the voices of real French people. They cease to think of French as a lesson subject and realise that it is a living language in which people tell jokes. I think that M. Stephan's jokes in his French broadcasts to schools have done a great deal to make French seem worth while to many children. If you can appreciate a joke in a foreign language you begin to feel at home with it.

SCHOOL broadcasts are under the direction of the Central School for School Broadcasting, which is a large voluntary body thoroughly representative of the various educational forces in the country.

The B.B.C. does not lay down the law in any way. Its part in the scheme is only to carry out the decisions of the Council which, as I have indicated, is an entirely independent body of educational experts.

Just a rough idea of the activity of this Council will be gathered from the fact that last year 122 persons, mostly teachers from listening schools, devoted 130 hours of voluntary work in helping the Council to arrange school broadcasts, prepare the pamphlets, and the like.

So far as the transmitting end is concerned, the problem of school broadcasting can be said to be solved. The vitally important question is: What is happening at the other end? Are teachers, parents and the public generally sufficiently alive to the undoubted advantages of this new educational adjunct? The immediate future of school broadcasting is bound up with the answers to these queries.

Without wishing to reflect in any way upon the ability of the teaching profession in this country, I think it will be conceded that to have the services of the eminent people who contribute to these school broadcasts is a tremendous advantage to children.

ONE of the foremost of the younger geographers in Great Britain, for instance, is organising the travel talks. An historian of international reputation supervised last year's history course, and, generally speaking, the people actually responsible for these programmes are among the highest authorities on their particular subjects.

I confess I was bitterly disappointed, when studying last year's figures, to find that only a bare 200 small rural schools were among the 2,886 schools in Great Britain actually registered with the B.B.C.

It is in the small rural school that broadcast lessons can be of greatest help to the teachers. Yet, strangely enough, it is in the country districts that they are utilised least.

Lack of money with which to purchase the necessary receiving equipment is the immediate cause of the trouble in many cases. Provision of wireless sets in many isolated schools in the country often depends largely upon the generosity of the local squire or some public-spirited person. I wish that more such people would wake up to what their village schools are missing.

Some educational authorities, as at Leyton, supply the sets to the schools. Others contribute part of the cost. Many schools have raised the required funds by concerts.

Does it not seem odd—remembering the tradition of generosity among British country folk—that there is not greater recognition of the value of this broadcast service?

Nevertheless, there are many good reasons for anticipating that the near future will witness a large expansion in the number of schools taking these radio lessons. It has required ten years of ceaseless experiment to perfect the present programme system and to make quite sure that it is of definite value and in accordance with the most up-to-date thought on educational matters. That being achieved, the wider application is only a matter for time and patience.

DEVELOPMENT is being retarded to some extent by rather silly talk by some school teachers who imagine that, if school broadcasting is extended to the logical limit, many teachers will lose their posts. There is no shadow of truth in this: as a matter of fact, broadcasting will create more work for teachers.

This erroneous but rather prevalent view is based upon a suspicion that the B.B.C. seeks to supplant the present educational system. Some people fear that what is sarcastically called "uplift" is gradually going to permeate the entire broadcast programmes.

Nothing of the kind is, or ever was, intended. The aim is to supplement the schools, not to supplant them. The complete regulation of school broadcasting by an outside body entirely independent of the B.B.C. should be a sufficient guarantee to any person who will take enough trouble to understand its far-reaching effect.

Broadcasting ultimately will take its obvious place as one of the many instruments of educational value now available to help us in the important task of teaching Britain's young people to become useful and happy citizens.

The time is near at hand, I am convinced, when it will be accepted universally as an integral part of this country's educational machinery, and its development so far has clearly given promise that the school children of the future will enjoy immense advantages which we adults unfortunately were denied.

The £3,000,000 Film Dream

COMING!—the

One of the "Three Little Pigs," the coloured Silly Symphony which was acclaimed by the film world.

Three men who have poured out fortunes in the quest for the perfect colour film—Mr. P. Malcom Stewart, Mr. J. H. Whitney, and the late Sir W. P. Hartley. Mr. Whitney is said to have backed the American process, Technicolor, to the extent of £1,400,000.

THE latest and greatest full-length colour film ever made is on its way to the kinema screens of this country.

In Wardour Street, London, the centre of the British film industry and, further east, in the City, where the money comes from, there is a certain tension. That is to put it mildly. . . . They are in the same state of mind and feeling as when the first talkie appeared and blew the kinema world sky-high. If this first big colour film is a success (as, according to the experts, it will be) then it is goodbye to the black and white film we have known for thirty-five years.

This picture, now leaving the Hollywood film printing laboratories, has been made by a company with almost unlimited capital behind it. The colour process used, Technicolor, is American and familiar to all kinema-goers as the process used in Walt Disney's famous Silly Symphony cartoons. The subject, however, of this picture chosen to work a world revolution in the film industry is British. Its title is "Becky Sharp" and the story has been taken from Thackeray's classic, "Vanity Fair." The chief actor is also British, Sir Cedric Hardwicke.

Fortunes sunk

The last facts are significant. They are also appropriate. For without the pioneering and later researches in colour photography of British inventors and the capital and labour they have outpoured for a generation there would have been no picture and no colour film revolution.

The first colour camera ever made was British, built in 1890, when even the black and white film was still a mere side-show item in circuses. From that day to this the colour film has been a fervently pursued ideal, a dream of thousands of the most brilliant brains in optics and chemistry and engineering, an apparently bottomless pit where fortunes made i.. other industries have been sunk with scarcely a regret.

There are to-day more than forty separate processes which claim to bring colour to the screen. They have all been evolved in the past twenty-five years, and during the whole of that time there has been more or less open war, technical and financial, between the adherents of the various methods.

It has been authoritatively estimated that upwards of £4,000,000 has been spent by all these companies on laboratory work alone before a single foot of colour has been shown, as a commercial proposition, on the screens of the world.

With the presentation of "Becky Sharp," that war will not end. On the contrary, it will be only just beginning. But the key men will not be the magnates who have backed the various colour processes, nor their inventors, nor even the studio bosses, but the men big and little who own picture palaces. To understand that you must know how colour films are made and the essential difference between the two systems which will be battling for your favour.

Of the forty odd processes which claim to show colour films, all, except four, are "colour in film" systems. The effects are got by dyes, and other devices too complicated to mention, on the film itself; if you hold a strip of film made by this system up to the light, you see the scene in colour just as it will appear on the screen. Technical people call this the "subtractive" system.

The other four processes (called the "additive" system) get their colour effects by optical means—by a device placed in front of the lens of the kinema camera when it is taking a scene and by another placed in front of the projector which is showing the film. If you hold a strip of film made by this system up to the light it appears only in black and white.

The rivals

It is the first method which you will see when the new film comes here in a week or two. The Technicolor process belongs to this system, and it is the only one of the lot which has been applied commercially.

In the second system there is also a process which counts, although so far it has *not* been applied commercially. It is a British process called Cinecolour.

It is these two completely opposite processes, Cinecolour and Technicolor, British and American, which are competing for the favour of the great film-producing firms and, though them, of you. Both claim perfection, although they have approached the problem of the colour film from opposite angles. The only question that remains is that of convenience and cost.

Let us tell the story behind each and you may pick your choice in the colour film race. We will begin with the British company.

The Cinecolour process as now perfected is the work of a Manchester man, S. J. Cox, and a Rumanian, Dmitri Daponte. Both are optical scientists of world renown. The heart of their process is a small cylinder of glass and metal which you can hold in the palm of your hand; it is the device which fits in front of the kine-camera and projector. They call it the "beam splitter," because it literally splits beams of light, implanting colour as tones of black and white on the film and reproducing in colour on the screen. It sounds like magic, but it works. That little device has cost more than £250,000 and twenty-five years of persistent labour.

Failures, but—

In its quarter century of research the Cinecolour company has collected a whole museum of expensive apparatus, each piece representing a failure, but a step forward towards the success it has now achieved. In the firm's offices they can show single cameras which cost £6,000 to build—and scrap—all so that this small "beam splitter," costing a few pounds and weighing a few ounces could be born.

In the firm's history, experts and scores of scientific workers have come and gone, each of them contributing a little something towards the end now achieved. Some died, some passed on to other fields of work, some started to attack the enigma of the colour film on their own.

Backers came and went. One of the first was the late Sir William Hartley, the jam magnate. Jam and films seem very far apart, but Sir William Hartley was a passionate believer in the future of the colour film and in the process on which these young Englishmen were working.

He backed his belief to the extent of nearly £200,000, all of which was spent on apparatus, on the labour and materials of research. Entirely new fields in optical science had to be explored to evolve the "beam splitting" device and solve the problems it presented.

The present backer of the Cinecolour company is Mr. P. M. Stewart, the Chairman of the gigantic Portland Cement Company and one of the Government's Commissioners for Distressed Areas. He has also supported the process to the extent of scores of thousands of pounds.

Summarised, the claims of the British company and the proposition they offer as a result of all this expenditure and labour are as follows: With the Cinecolour process ordinary black and white film can be used, costing 1d. a foot. No special treat-

BAD MR. GOODMAN

MEMBERS of the Southampton Disabled ex-Service Men's Association have been victimised by a plausible person, who glories in the entirely unsuitable name of Mr. F. T. Goodman.

About five months ago Mr. Goodman arrived in the town and became enthusiastic about the work of the Association. He talked so well that he was eventually appointed as Honorary Treasurer, and lived in rooms above the premises of the Association in Shirley Road, Southampton.

Goodman, a short dapper man with curly hair, dark, flashing eyes and a convincing manner, soon established confidence. He told thrilling stories of his activities during the war, and how he took part in the famous landing at Zeebrugge.

A few weeks ago when his conduct in connection with the Association was questioned, he pretended to commit suicide by taking poison.

More recently his actions called for further criticism, which he apparently was not prepared to face. For bright and early one morning Mr. F. T. Goodman had his furniture removed and disappeared most mysteriously.

Now there are quite a number of people in Southampton, including tradespeople, who are anxious to find the elusive Mr. Goodman.

Ex-Service men's associations throughout the country should beware of Mr. Goodman . . . he is not!

that will Change the Kinema

COLOUR-TALKIE SENSATION

The scene of triumph or comparative failure: a studio set must be exceptionally highly lit for the taking of colour-films by Technicolor. Work on all other sets must stop to give up their electric power.

ment is required and there are no extra costs incurred in the studios for lighting, etc. The only extras are the Cinecolour lenses, the "beam splitters," which cost about £30 each. But once a kinema has bought these attachments its expense ends.

Taking its time

Now let us look at the British company's American rival, Technicolor. Here again there is a record of prodigious effort and expenditure. Behind that company is now Mr. "Jock" Whitney, American millionaire racehorse owner and banker. He is reported to have backed Technicolor to the extent of £1,400,000. Previous backers for its researches were the Chase National Bank and film producers like Walt Disney.

Technicolor start off with a big advantage in the race to dominate the colour film future. The world has seen the results of their "colour in film" process in Walt Disney's wonderful Silly Symphonies. But nobody knows yet just how much that advantage is really worth.

The world has acclaimed the marvellous colour effects in the Silly Symphonies. But it has to be remembered that these are cartoons—a succession of still pictures run together, and the camera can take its time with each.

In the new film "Becky Sharp" lies the answer whether the American Technicolor will work on living moving people under ordinary kinema play conditions.

There is a more important point still—the financial question. The Technicolor process demands enormously costly plant and equipment. Their special film costs at least 4d. a foot for its dyeing and treatment. A single camera costs £2,500, weighs half a ton and takes four men to work it.

Enormous lighting power is needed when a film is being shot by Technicolor. All work on other "sets" in a film studio stops when Technicolor take over so that they can get the "juice" they need.

All this pushes up the final cost of a film enormously. (Mr. Samuel Goldwyn is recently reported to have said that a Technicolor feature film of the usual type would cost £40,000 more than a black and white film.) Somebody will have to pay this extra cost, and it is on that fact that the British company with their different and cheaper process relies. The exhibitor may not want to keep on paying more on every film he shows. He may prefer to pay £30 and have done with it.

Reward awaiting

But cost or no cost, if the public likes the new Technicolor system, then it has come to stay, and the producers of "Becky Sharp" will reap the reward of their enterprise.

There is one last point in the contest between the British and American processes for favour and supremacy. The Technicolor process has ceased to claim "natural colour." Its sponsors say their effects are the effects an artist gets, their colours are a bit different from "life."

The Cinecolour process, on the other hand, *does* claim "natural colour"—boldly and unashamedly. The question is, which will the public like best? If *they* decide that they do not like "natural colour," then the battle for supremacy is over.

But no matter what the issue is—whether the British or American process is awarded the palm and the profits—the colour film is inevitable. Its perfection is now an accomplished fact and while the magnates and the public are debating which is the best of the various processes we might spare a thought for those who failed in the realisation of the ideal.

600 *patents!*

First among the pioneers who failed was the late and famous Charles Urban, one of the earliest adventurers in the British film industry. Urban sunk thousands of pounds in colour film research. His activities ended when he lost thousands more in a patent action concerning his discoveries. The action was against S. F. Edge, the famous racing motorist, who was at the time interested in kinemas. It eventually went to the House of Lords—and Urban lost.

Then there was the Keller-Dorian Company, who had a "colour on film" process. But it failed to evolve a satisfactory method of printing copies from the films it made. Enormous amounts of money "went west" in research by this company—ten million francs in France, £250,000 in Britain, and many hundreds of thousands of dollars in the U.S.A.

In between are dozens of other processes which have lost fortunes for inventors and backers before they were given up as uneconomical or impracticable. One method involved the use of three thicknesses of film and special cameras which weighed about a ton each! Another method was the subject of over 600 patents before it was finally abandoned as a proposition for the kinema!

Not all wasted

And in addition to all this expenditure of money and labour by private inventors and their backers there are the huge sums which have been spent by the big film combines like Kodak, Agfa, Ilford, Ltd., and Gevaert, in the search for the perfect colour film process.

Not all of this money and effort, of course, has gone for nothing, much of their work is embodied in this first colour film which we shall soon see. One firm, Ilford, Ltd., have been long associated with the famous Spicer-Dufay process, which is a minor sensation when applied to still films. Great strides are now being made in its adaptation to the kinema.

And those who may fail in the race to be the first on the screen with the practical colour film will at least have the consolation of knowing that they were not chasing a will-o'-the-wisp, but an objective which could, and has been reached.

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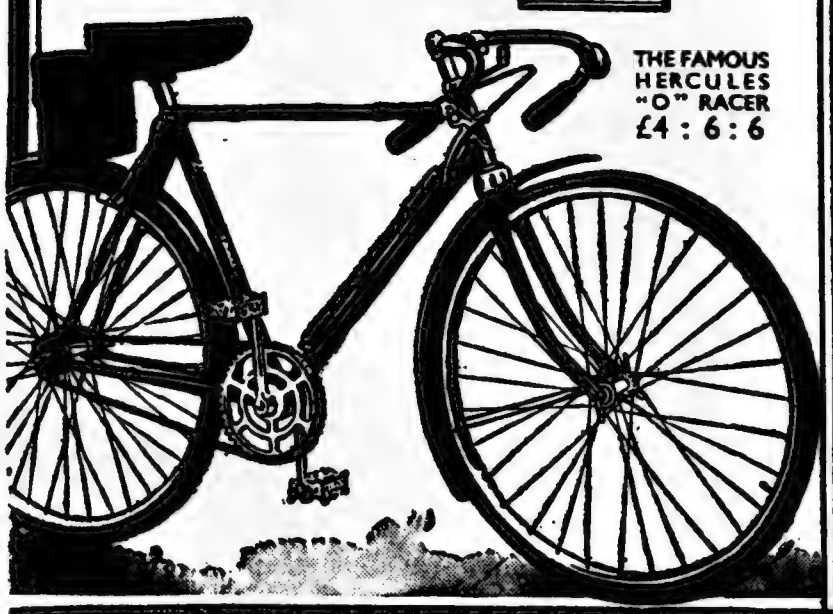

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KEEP *the* CROWD *on* YOUR SIDE!

Hannen Swaffer's *Open Letter to* Sir Percy Laurie

DEAR SIR PERCY LAURIE,—You for weeks have the proud job of being personally responsible to the Commissioner of Police for the marshalling of the Jubilee crowds and the safety and order of London during all the processions.

In doing so, I am sure you will remember, what some high police officials have at times in the past forgotten—I am not speaking of the rank and file of the police force—that it is not because of Authority but because of the wonderful good nature of London crowds that processions through the metropolis are accompanied by so few accidents and with an almost entire absence of rushing and disorder.

You have, in the past, done your job well. I remember one occasion at a cenotaph service when the police most unwisely pushed back Sir Ian Hamilton and a group of blind men who were waiting to lay a wreath and who moved forward a little out of place. But I remember this because it was so unusual.

Police officials in these days, when a new militarism is spreading, when police are being recruited from the "officer" class and are being sent to a sort of public school before they are appointed to stations, should remember that the more militaristic the police force becomes, the more trouble there will be with crowds.

* * *

Besides, the special constables have been, at times, guilty during unemployed processions of indiscretions for which the old London bobbies of pre-war days could never have been blamed. I have received scores of protests about this.

I say this, although I remember, when I was in my early teens, seeing a procession being broken up with police batons under the railway bridge at the bottom of Queen Victoria Street. I thought, in those days, that the marchers were very wicked men, especially as I saw their heads cracked. I know now that they were merely ill-paid tailors who were marching from the East End to Trafalgar Square in the vain hope of getting their wrongs adjusted.

Not many years before then, there was, in Trafalgar Square, a demonstration protesting against the Government's Irish policy, a demonstration that the police prohibited, very stupidly. There had been disturbances before, they urged, and so a new rule came into force.

* * *

It is hard to believe it, nowadays, but Cunninghame-Graham and John Burns were two of the people arrested—yes, and sent to prison! Courtly, chivalrous Cunninghame-Graham, a descendant of the Stuarts and one of the greatest writers of English prose! Then on a similar occasion William Morris, great artist-poet-craftsman, found himself in the dock!

Things have moved on since then. The William Morris centenary was recently celebrated by an exhibition which Stanley Baldwin opened. John Burns became President of the Board of Trade. Cunninghame-Graham won international distinction.

Why in that Trafalgar Square mob, Annie Besant was in the thick of the crowd, helping to obtain for the Irish that freedom which, years afterwards, they seized.

Democracy to-day is often disturbed lest there be an attempt made to curtail its public meetings, to stop its right to march. It fears that free speech is becoming merely a phrase.

You and the other high officials who, during the Royal processions, look down from your horses on the smiling crowds will, I hope, be reminded of the fact that Britain is a great democracy and must remain one.

You are old enough to remember that, at King George's Coronation, the Commissioner of Police ordered barricades in the streets! What he was afraid of nobody knew. But the consequence was that the streets were half empty. People stopped away. The idea of barricades frightened them.

No, you must see that the happy relationship which has for so long existed between the police and the public shall continue. While policemen were recruited from the ranks of the working classes, there was little chance of trouble. The more they are officered by people of a so-called "superior" class, the more danger will there be of that happy relationship ending. "Move on, mum!" has saved many a row. "Officers" don't think like that.

* * *

In New York, the lower orders consider the police their enemies. In Paris, the police force is despised because of scandals and graft. In many of the countries of Europe, the police are suspect by the public, and the police regard the public as inferior beings whom they can order about.

In England, the reverse is so true that, even when there is a strike in some industrial centre, trouble starts between the police and the crowd only when constables are brought in from some other city.

No, when, from your charger, you look down on the faces of the great crowds, remember that, although because you are on a horse you are above them, you are one of the people and not someone apart from them.

The police and the public must remain on good terms. So, do not allow any of the bossing stuff which the great public fear may result if the police wear Old School Ties.

Let your men ride their horses. But don't let them be high horses.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Lord HAILSHAM,
Secretary for War

DEAR LORD HAILSHAM,—Naturally I welcome your appeal for an Anglo-American peace effort.

I have long believed that, as you say, "With Great Britain and the United States in co-operation, no other country or countries in the world could, or would, attempt to disturb the peace of the world."

Well, you are an important member of the Government—and the Minister best fitted to impress upon your colleagues the necessity for this co-operation. Why not get busy about it?

JOHN BULL.

The PARKS COMMITTEE,
Coventry

DEAR SIRS,—I really can't believe that religious principles are responsible for your refusal to allow Sunday tennis in the recreation ground.

I suspect you are still ashamed of your city's reputation as the scene of Lady Godiva's famous ride, and are trying to efface the memory by a stupid exhibition of distorted prudishness!

JOHN BULL.

WILLIAM SIMMONDS,
Blaistow, London, E.

SIMMONDS,—Three innocent men found themselves charged with a housebreaking offence they didn't do. You, the culprit, were at least too good a fellow to allow a miscarriage of justice and gave yourself up.

Remember the Recorder's words, "It was a manly thing for which you should be praised," while you do your stretch of nine months. Then come out and live up to the tribute.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. HARRY WILLIAMS,
Sittingbourne

DEAR HARRY,—So you are going to "settle down to your pipe" after sixty-four years on the Thames and Medway as a waterman, in which time you have saved twenty-eight people from drowning.

If you are to have real rest, you had better retire well away from the water!

And yet I don't know. People will still fall in, and I bet that at seventy-eight you have still got a good swimming stroke.

JOHN BULL.

Dr. HEWLETT JOHNSON,
Dean of Canterbury

DEAR DEAN,—As evidence of what you describe as the "sheer paganism" of better-class suburbs, you have repeated the assertion of a secondary school teacher that her class of well-to-do girls had never heard of the Lord's Prayer or the Ten Commandments.

No doubt you believe this to be true, but have you never heard of the skill with which schoolgirls pull their elders' legs?

JOHN BULL.

EDWARD BANNISTER,
Leicester

BANNISTER,—Fines amounting to £4 hardly indicate the cruelty of your offences in affixing braces to two linnets—so tightly applied as to eat into the birds' flesh—and for confining four birds in cages so small that they could not properly stretch their wings.

Prison might have given you an idea of what the poor things suffered, but even that would have been Paradise compared with a small cage.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. A. R. W. ALLEN,
Kilmichael, Stirling

DEAR SIR,—As an artist you will probably agree that many public statues will be none the worse if thickly daubed with paint. But the one in Linlithgow's ancient square of the Earl of Hopetoun is, you say, a beautiful bronze—so I can imagine your indignation at finding it painted a lamp-post green by the town council's orders.

Still, you have much to be thankful for. The curious taste of the councillors might have led them to painting it a pillar-box red!

JOHN BULL.

Mr. L. HORE-BELISHA,
Minister of Transport

DEAR SIR,—Level crossings with gates are bad enough, as a number of terrible accidents have taught us. Now I hear of one man killed and three persons injured when a car and train met at a crossing entirely unprotected.

I hope you will insist, at least, that all level crossings should have gates until such times as they are swept out of existence.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. JOHN HAYNTON,
Flimby, Cumberland

DEAR JOHN,—There's no fellow with a bigger sense of humour than the miner, but I expect even your workmates are marvelling at your high spirits.

For you joked during the three hours it took to rescue you from a fall of coal, even though you were in danger of being crushed to death by a further fall.

Keep smiling!

JOHN BULL.

Sir GILES SCOTT,
President, R.I.B.A.

DEAR PRESIDENT,—I like your denunciation of the ugliness and inconvenience of many public buildings, and your insistence that all important works should be supervised by architects.

You have always urged the need for beauty in design, and my readers will remember your scathing attack, in these columns, on ugly homes.

If only the local authorities took your words to heart, we'd have a better-looking Britain!

JOHN BULL.

The EDUCATION COMMITTEE,
Rawtenstall, Lancs

GENTLEMEN,—Your refusal to allow schoolchildren to sign an anti-war petition is curious, but your reasons are stranger still.

If your pupils can't understand the nature of such a document, as you say, there must be something wrong with their education.

And the allegation that what they would say would be a reflection of their teachers' minds is no tribute, surely, to your staff.

JOHN BULL.

Alderman G. E. CAINE,
Rotherham

DEAR SIR,—As leader of the Socialist Party in Rotherham you spoke splendidly of the Monarchy when the council passed a congratulatory address to H.M. the King.

Though in theory Republican, you said you would not exchange this country for any republic in the world. Your words are all to the good of your Party.

JOHN BULL.

JAMES KEENAN,
John Street, Greenock

KEENAN,—It is said the lives of your four little children will be happier for your six months' imprisonment, the sentence imposed upon you for neglecting and ill-treating them.

But as you even pawned their clothing and sold the doll given to your eldest and crippled child to get drink, neither the criticism nor the sentence is a scrap too heavy.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. BRINSLEY ALEXANDER RICE,
Headley, Hampshire

SIR,—"A jolly good little driver" is how you described the lad of twelve you allowed to drive your car, but I am glad you have been fined £3.

For the law is wiser than you and realises that juveniles cannot be expected to make quick decisions in case of emergency.

Don't add to the danger of the roads!

JOHN BULL.

ARE YOU FEELING 100% FIT?

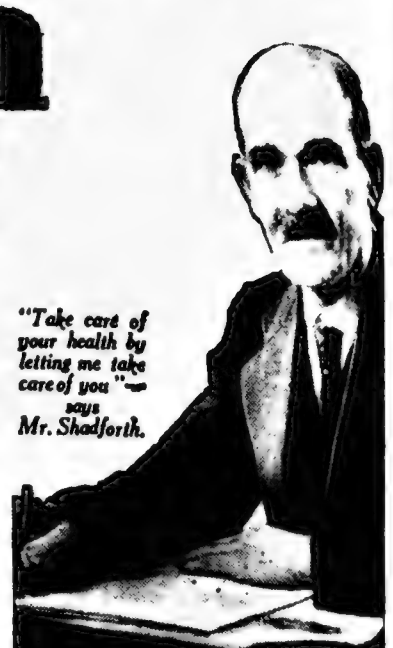
Good Health

Now Within Reach of ALL!

Are you a 100 per cent. Man or Woman? Maybe you are. Nature makes 1 out of every 5 of that grade. But are you putting forth the whole of your store of energy, and reaping its reward? or, only three-quarters? That's the whole point. This is not a matter of Slacking or Ca Canny! It's a question of HEALTH, NUTRITION, VIGOUR.

In your case—as with thousands of others—your heart, brain and nerves are working at LOW PRESSURE. You are using only three-quarters of your most valuable possession. Perhaps owing to some slight ailment, one quarter is dormant; your system only needs a fillip, a correction, a home remedy, especially now, in the changing season of the year.

More than likely you need a GOOD TONIC to bring out what remains of last summer's "bottled sunshine." It's still there, but you're not getting your money's worth for it. Every doctor will confirm this, so why not do it now.



"Take care of your health by letting me take care of you"—says Mr. Shadforth.

BE 100% FIT NOW WITH THE AID OF

SHADFORTH BRAND WORLD-FAMED PRESCRIPTIONS

For half a century, Shadforth Prescriptions have been famed as a safeguard of health. If you are unfit, "run down," or suffering, one of the Shadforth Prescriptions may provide a cure for you. Order what you need—and at the same time accept the GREAT JUBILEE OFFER of a FREE copy of the "SHADFORTH BOOK of PRESCRIPTIONS" as detailed on the coupon below. This book will be sent to every "John Bull" reader who orders any prescription published on this page.

EAT WHAT YOU LIKE!

No More Acidity, Gastritis or Pain After Eating.

From now on, eat whatever you fancy without unpleasant after-effects. Thousands of sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastric Catarrh, Wind or Flatulence, Fulness after meals, and all forms of acid indigestion have been cured by the "Shadforth" Acidity Prescription (No. 1677) Popularly known as "White Lions."

They give prompt relief and comfort. Even Gastric and Duodenal Ulcers yield to this treatment. This is the famous "White" prescription used by hospitals everywhere for stomach trouble—

SHADFORTH PRESCRIPTION No. 1677. Prices: 2/6 (144); 7/- (432 tablets).

Try them NOW and prove for yourself that "White Lions" are

POSITIVELY the World's Greatest Remedy for Acid Indigestion.

NEW HEARTS FOR OLD!

Healthy Heart. *Hearty Health.*

Give Your Heart This New Lease of Life!

Don't be alarmed because you suffer from symptoms of palpitation or pain near the heart. It may be indigestion or overstrung nerves. **Shadforth Tonic No. 632** (known as "Blue Lion Fox Nuts") will **strengthen the nerves, steady the heart, and tone up stomach and kidneys.** Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take the prescription and be normal in a few days. **Ask for Shadforth Prescription No. 632.** Prices: 1/9 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144), 12/- (432 pills). This prescription **prevents palpitation,** faintness, tremblings, run-down condition and stops that falling-to-pieces feeling.

Can be taken alternately with No. 470 ("Shadphorettes" Brain Sparklers) with marked benefit. See below—paragraph headed "Depression." Order one of each and feel 10 YEARS YOUNGER!

URGENCY BANISHED!

Quick Relief and Comfort For Kidney and Bladder Troubles.

Kidney and Bladder Troubles such as Cystitis, Prostatitis, Chronic Congestion, with associated Gout, Rheumatism, Backache, Sciatica, Gravel Scalding and constant getting up at nights are quickly relieved by the bloodless surgery of **"Shadforters" (Shadforth Brand Bladder Comforters).** Immediately, all day and all night, painlessly, secretly, and without the loss of one drop of blood or one hour of employment, they get to work. They cleanse, cool and heal. They move what is harmful. **Stop worrying!** Start taking this **proved** remedy **now** and be quickly restored. **Ask for "Shadforters" (Shadforth Prescription No 285).** Price: 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100), 13/- (300 pills).

He Needs 'SHADFORTERS' (Shadforth Brand Bladder Comforters).

A MAN is as OLD as his ARTERIES!

LOWER YOUR BLOOD PRESSURE

Rejuvenate Your Arteries, Strengthen Your Heart.

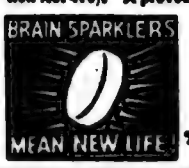
It is **vitally important** to keep your arteries young, **especially if you are over 40 years of age.** Many people who have been carried off during dangerous illness would have pulled through if their arteries had not imposed too great a strain on the heart. Steady heart action co-ordinated with youth-like elastic arteries is now possible for those past their prime. The **"Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment** for Arterio Sclerosis rapidly reduces high blood pressure and tension. Avoid Blood Pressure Breakdowns! It gives prompt relief from **palpitation, giddiness, premonitions of collapse, and sleeplessness;** it leads to permanent restoration and makes you feel years younger within 28 days. **Get it now. Prescription No. 1108/T. Prices: 2/6, 5/6, 15/6.**

FOR MEN AND WOMEN NEAR AND OVER 40.

DEPRESSION

Nervous Breakdown, Brain Fag, Loss of Memory, Debility and Neurasthenia.

"Shadphorettes" (Brain Sparklers), the greatest of all mind and nerve tonics. These magic pellets cure mental depression, relieve the strain on the brain, **make you brighter in an hour and a new man or woman in two days. "Shadphorettes" (Brain Sparklers)** dispel **Absentmindedness, Loss of Memory, Despondency, Fear of Failure, Frowns, Irritability, Lassitude, Neurasthenia, Run-down Conditions, Sleeplessness, Weakness. Doctors prescribe "Shadphorettes" (Brain Sparklers)** for Civil Servants, Editors, Journalists, Lecturers, Pressmen, Politicians, Preachers, Teachers and all Brain Workers. **Ask for "Shadphorettes" (Brain Sparklers) (Shadforth Prescription No. 470). A proved remedy.** Prices 1/9 (25), 3/3 (50), 6/- (100).



Don't fail to try this wonderful tonic. It **Stimulates and NOURISHES** your nerves but does not harm the heart or stomach.

Can be taken alternately with the Heart Tonic (No. 632). That is to say, take No. 470 for a few days and then No. 632 for a few days and so on. (See No. 632 above.)

THE MIGHTY MODERN TONIC FOR BRAIN AND NERVES.

"NEVERILL"

OLD SALTS.

A SPOONFUL A DAY KEEPS THE DOCTOR AWAY.

The best morning Saline for **Biliousness, Constipation, Disordered Stomach,** Sluggish Liver, Bladder and Kidney Troubles, Gout, Rheumatism, **Feverishness, Obesity,** etc. Drink it first thing every **morning.** Tasteless with your tea. **For Sparkling Eyes, Clear Complexion, Tip-Top Fitness and Joie de Vivre.** Make it a daily habit! Ask for **Prescription No. 565K.**

BRACING DAILY TONIC!

PRICES:
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IN AIRTIGHT TINS

MORE FAMOUS WONDER-WORKING REMEDIES—WHICH DO *YOU* NEED? ORDER TO-DAY!

ALL WITH FULL DIRECTIONS.

No. 2000 For Constipation, Sluggish Liver, Biliousness. **1/3, 3/-.**

No. 283 For Headache, Neuralgia, and all Nerve Pains. **2/-, 3/6.**

No. 32 For Sleeplessness. Sound Sleep without Drugs. **2/6, 4/6.**

No. 74/T For Acute Gout, Swollen Joints, Rheumatoid Arthritis, Uric Acid Troubles. **2/6, 5/6, 10/6.**

No. 442 The Shadforth Beauty Course gives Bright Eyes and Lovely Complexion. Prices **3/9** and **6/-.**

No. 331/T For Nasal Catarrh, Cold in the Nose, Hay Fever, Tonsilitis and 'Flu. **2/9, 4/6.**

No. 394/T For complete Four-fold Treatment for Piles. Price **7/9** and **14/6.**

No. 1064 For Special Soap for Acne, Pimples and Sallow Complexion. Price **1/3.**

No. 2457 For Critical Time Tonic for Ladies. Price 2/6 (72), **4/6** (144).

No. 1262 For Iodised Blood Tablets for Cleansing the Blood and Spring Rash. Price 4/6 (144), **13/-** (432).

No. 986 For Ox Gall Obesity Soap for Removing Fat. Price **1/3.**

No. 850 For Hair Falling Out, Alopecia, Psoriasis, Scurf. **1/9** and **4/-** per jar.

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By WILLIAM SHADFORTH, Ph.C., M.P.S.

PUBLISHED AT 2/6, and containing 108 pages packed with valuable medical information and prescriptions written in plain English.

A BOOK EVERYONE OUGHT TO POSSESS.

These medicines may be obtained direct from us, or from any chemist. If purchasing from chemists send leaflet enclosed with the medicines and your chemists name, together with this coupon, and the book will be forwarded post free by return. Book No. 189, "John Bull," May 11/1935. J.B.97.

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QUALIFIED DISPENSING CHEMISTS,

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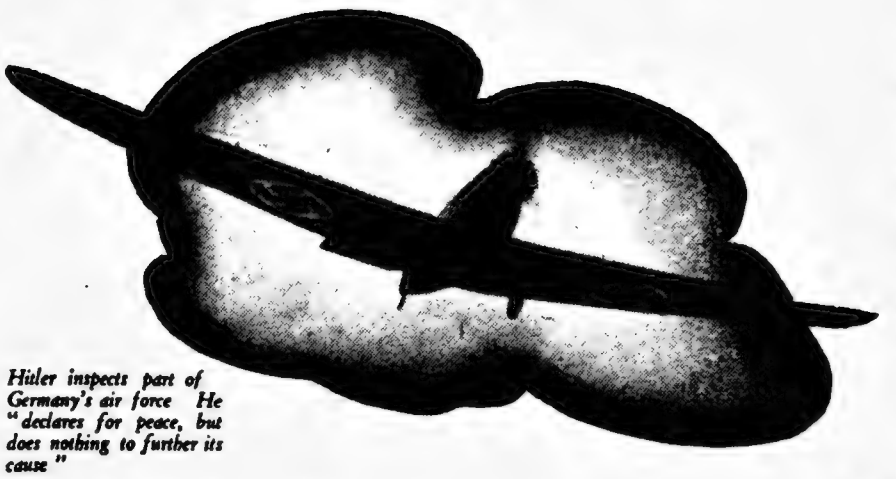
AND BRANCHES.

Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, and your local Chemists either hold stock or gladly obtain to order at a few days' notice if required to do so. In case of difficulty you can always obtain by return of post from Shadforth's.



Hitler inspects part of Germany's air force He "declares for peace, but does nothing to further its cause"

SUICIDE *in the* AIR

by A. G. GARDINER

FROM the Jubilee with its thanksgiving and rejoicings we turn to the grim spectre that haunts the mind of the world. The postponement by Herr Hitler of the naval talks with Germany, the evidence of the feverish rearmament of that country, the apparent determination of the Chancellor to have no part in a policy of collective peace have brought the European situation to a crisis.

I do not think the severest critic of the Government, or the most devoted friend of peace can disagree with the action which has been announced within the past week. Whatever views we may hold about the Peace Treaty and the treatment of Germany since the war—and on these subjects I shall not be accused of hostility to Germany—we have to face the facts as they are to-day. And that those facts grow daily, almost hourly, more menacing does not admit of question. Nor is the fact that the menace is centred in German policy and activities for a moment disputable.

Take the case of the air. I take that because it is the most urgent, immediate and formidable element in the situation. Personally, I regard the conquest of the air as the worst disaster that has ever befallen mankind. It oughtn't to be, of course: it ought to be a blessing. And it would have been a blessing if mankind had been politically and morally fitted to use it.

The acid test

But in the present state of world society it is an unmitigated curse. It has changed the whole character and mechanism of war. It has placed in the hands of a criminal Power a weapon as sudden and swift as lightning. The movement of armies and navies is relatively slow and calculable, and war conducted through them is war of like with like—army against army, navy against navy.

But the air outrages all the "sanctities" of war. It is war on non-combatants, on women and children, on the unarmed and the helpless. It is war on the whole structure on which civilised society rests, and if it is not controlled, if the air is not by universal consent demilitarised, civilisation itself must perish from the earth.

Agreement on this point is the acid test of a nation's good faith. This country has complied with that test. Apart from one regrettable incident—our indisposition to surrender the aeroplane as a weapon for "disciplining" remote and barbarous frontiers—we have gone to the extreme limit in our effort to demilitarise the air.

While other countries have increased their equipment, we have deliberately held our hand. We emerged from the war as powerful in the air as any country. In the interval we have sunk to the fifth place. All our influence at Geneva has been directed towards eliminating aerial warfare, and in devising the Anglo-French Air Pact, to which Germany was invited to subscribe, it was hoped that a real beginning had been made in demilitarising the air.

That hope has been disappointed. And it is the attitude of Germany which has disappointed it. Herr Hitler is ceaseless in his declaration that Germany wants peace; but he does nothing to promote peace—nothing, indeed, that does not deepen the suspicion that his country is preparing for war.

He has not returned to Geneva, and shows no intention of returning. He is not interested in the collective security system of the League; he is only interested in making Germany militarily independent and self-sufficient. He has not subscribed to the Air Pact: he has only pushed with renewed intensity the construction of vast fleets of aeroplanes.

When Mr. Baldwin issued his warning last November he said that Germany had a minimum of 600 fighting aeroplanes, and probably 1,000. Since then the evidence in the hands of the Government shows that the position has grown far more serious. The construction of aeroplanes, the building of aerodromes, the training of aviators, has gone on with increasing momentum.

Germany's aerodromes are now said to number 250, and though the training of efficient pilots has probably not kept pace with the construction there is no doubt that the "safety" limit of this country laid down by Mr. Baldwin last November has been passed.

And in the meantime, conscription in Germany has been established, the construction of submarines on a challenging scale begun, and now comes this ominous delay in the naval talks. But it is the air question which is the crux of the business.

It is obvious that the Government of this country cannot sit idly by while this cloud widens and darkens. It must act, and act now, in two directions.

This country wants peace. How much it wants it is evidenced by the astonishing figures of the League of Nations enquiry. But while we desire peace we must be prepared against the failure of peace. No Government, whatever its constitution, would survive the avalanche of resentment that would descend upon it if the nation discovered in the hour of trial that its defences had been neglected, and that it was at the mercy in the air of a Power which had been notoriously preparing for war.

If symptoms mean anything, Germany is doing that, and, while avoiding panic and provocative expenditure, we must reconcile ourselves to whatever is the price of establishing that minimum security in the air of which Mr. Baldwin spoke in November.

We have much leeway to make up. For we have not fallen behind in the air in the matter of fighting planes alone. We have been seriously outdistanced by other countries in civil aviation, which must always be reckoned in the potentialities of aerial war. America, France, Germany have spent from three to five times as much public money in promoting civil aviation as we have done.

The extent to which we have lagged behind in this sphere of the aerial race is illustrated by such an achievement as that of the American Douglas machine which has just flown 2,600 miles across the United States from California to New York in eleven hours, without a stop and almost entirely by automatic control. In the measures which the Government contemplate taking it is to be hoped that an important place will be given to a drastic change of policy in regard to civil aviation.

Cause imperilled

Nor must other precautions on the home front be neglected. It is a hideous reflection that sixteen years after the war that was to end war we should be driven to devise schemes for protecting the public against the possibility of air raids. But that possibility has to be faced, and the Government has done wisely in setting up an Air Raids Precaution Department of the Home Office, whose business it will be to stimulate and educate local authorities, police forces, fire brigades, health departments, and so on, to deal with emergencies from the air.

But all this must not divert the Government from pursuing with increased energy the cause of peace. That cause is gravely imperilled; but it is not lost. If Germany is bluffing, the bluff must be called. If she wants peace she must give assurances of her sincerity in deeds.

The door of the League must be kept open for her to enter. Her legitimate claims must be conceded if she does enter, and France, which is so largely responsible for the dreadful pass to which Europe has come, must not again be permitted to dictate the policy of this country It is in these two directions that the Government should act firmly, fearlessly and immediately.

Spectre at the Feast

WHEN I sit me down to eat,
Life at once becomes a worry,
For I ask with ev'ry bite:
Is this wrong or is it right?
What have experts said of curry?

All the grave advice I've read,
What to chew and how to chew it,
Haunts me daily, and I feel,
E'en when I enjoy a meal,
That I'll subsequently rue it!

Are there calories enough
In this steak that I'm attacking?
And, though calories abound,
How appalling if I found
Vitamins were somehow lacking!

Too much or too little starch
Is (or is not) overheating?
I can ne'er remember; so,
Knowing naught that I should know,
I just eat—and go on eating!

In a multitude of food counsellors there is indigestion. For nothing is better calculated to impede the flow of the gastric juices than worry as to whether what one is eating is what one should eat.

We once arranged our menus on the assumption that a little of what you fancy does you good. But dietetic experts have become so numerous that the nervous citizen is nowadays continually haunted by the fear that he is digging his grave with his teeth.

According to Dr. Thomas Robertson, vice-president of the Scottish Vegetarian Society, 80 per cent. of the disorders we suffer from are due to wrong diet.

Dr. Robertson may think he knows the "right" diet; but he has only to indicate it for 56,789 other experts to be at his throat before he can say "Tom Robertson."

If we took the advice of some of these experts, we would lunch on a spoonful of spinach and dine on a caraway seed, which would probably get in our favourite hollow tooth. Fortunately, though, the average person still prefers a hearty meal to an "arty" meal.

If, however, Dr. Robertson is to be believed, this is where we are at fault. Not only do we eat the wrong things, but we eat too much of everything. "There is a social conscience against alcohol," says the doctor, "but perfectly self-respecting citizens indulge in orgies of sensuality every time they sit down at table."

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.

No less than whisky, Yorkshire pudding, taken to excess,
Can cause results astonishing to see!
Indulgence in a craving for pork sausages, unless
It's promptly checked, brings insobriety!

Gay revellers who look upon the wine when it is red
Call less for condemnation than do those
Who gulp boiled beef and carrots, which go quickly to the head
And very soon illuminate the nose!

Just enter any restaurant and view the horrid sights
Enacted in these dens of infamy,
Where chronic chop consumers put in wild and woolly nights,
And mutton eaters go upon the spree!

Insidious drugs like Irish stew the law should not allow,
But all such evils from the slate should wipe;
So let us make a start with Prohibition, here and now,
By rounding up distributors of "tripe"!

ROUGH, RED HANDS

-made

Soft, White and Smooth

No matter how red, rough, chapped or "houseworn" her hands may be, any woman can now instantly have the soft, smooth white hands that are so attractive to men. No grease, no staining of clothes, no mess or bother of any kind. Simply apply a small quantity of Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood. This contains pre-digested dairy cream and olive oil together with whitening and tonic ingredients. It instantly sinks deep down into the pores, soothes irritated skin and takes out every bit of angry red inflammation. Soothes and prevents painful cracking of the skin In three minutes your hands are as soft, smooth and as white as though you had given them hours of expensive care every day. Successful results are guaranteed or money refunded.

Thick, Strong Wavy New Hair

Co. KILKENNY. Before using Kotalko **my hair was very weak and falling out in combfuls** until the scalp was almost bare on top. I had used several tonics. Then I used Kotalko. **Before I had finished the second box my hair seemed stronger.** This improvement continued, and the hair is **now thick and lustrous and is a thick mass of waves and more healthy looking.** M. J. MURPHY.

Are YOU Losing Hair ?

Thousands of men and women have regrown fine new heads of hair by using Kotalko. It re-grows the hair because it frees the scalp from hair-stifling dandruff and poisonous and malodorous grease, softening the hardening scalp, and restoring its healthful circulation. Kotalko nourishes and feeds the hair organism, reviving new and vigorous life and growth in the sleeping hair-roots.

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

If you have dandruff, or are losing hair, or if you are nearly or entirely bald, use or copy the coupon below.

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, Ltd.,
9, Percy Street (53.B.T.), London, W.1.
Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of KOTALKO, and Kotalko Soap, with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

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They wrote to "JOHN BULL" . . .

". . . I send you my deepest thanks for the prompt way you have attended to my application for Insurance Benefit. There is no need to say what a godsend the cheque is in my time of need."—R. G., Barnsley

"I thank you very much for your courtesy and promptness. The cheque will be a great help to me. My late husband was a great believer in JOHN BULL."—*E. M. S., Llanelly, Carmarthen.*

THESE are extracts from just two of the thousands of letters received from JOHN BULL readers acknowledging JOHN BULL Cheques for Insurance Benefits. Simple, homely words, yet expressing heartfelt gratitude to JOHN BULL for its practical assistance in time of need.

You and your family, too, can be assured of JOHN BULL'S helping hand in times of misfortune if you fill up the forms below for JOHN BULL'S Great Free Family Insurance Gift. This simple act will mean security for you and yours every day throughout the year, and JOHN BULL will be ready to answer your call for help promptly and in the most practical manner . . with a useful cheque.

Under its great Free Family Insurance Gift, JOHN BULL not only provides generous benefits for Accidents in the Home and Garden, on the Sports Field, Boating and Bathing, Children's Accidents, etc., it is the *only* paper in the world to safeguard your home against Fire, Storm and Flood Damage, the *only* paper to pay Sickness Benefit and to add a welcome 10 per cent. bonus to every benefit paid to registered readers of over three months' standing.

From the beginning of this year alone no fewer than 3,882 cheques have been dispatched to registered readers as benefit under JOHN BULL'S Great Free Family Insurance Gift. Included in this total are:

1,366 for Fire Damage.
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WHEN YOU SIMPLY CANNOT SLEEP,

Here's the way to end those tiring, nerve-destroying hours of lying awake at night. It's not a new-fangled drug. It's a way doctors have been recommending for over 50 years. Get a bottle of Wincarnis and take three glasses a day. One in the morning; one in the afternoon and the third before you go to bed.

You'll be amazed how delicious it is and what a difference it makes the very first night. Wincarnis actually creates rich new blood to feed and restore those tired, restless nerves which keep you awake. It brings you the sound, dreamless sleep from which you wake refreshed and really invigorated.

For 50 years Wincarnis has proved invaluable for all who are run-down, nervy or exhausted, for men and women of all ages. Over 20,000 recommendations have been received from medical men for cases of neurasthenia, debility, sleeplessness, neuralgia, and run-down conditions generally. Try it yourself to-day.

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

When we eat too much, our food decays in our bowels. Our friends smell this decay coming out of our mouth and call it bad breath. We feel the poison of this decay all over our body. It makes us gloomy and grouchy. It makes us feel no good for anything.

What makes the food decay in the bowels? Well, when we eat too much, our bile juice can't digest it. What is the bile juice? It is the most vital digestive juice in our body. Unless two pints of it are flowing from our liver into our bowels every day, our movements get hard and constipated, and three-quarters of our food decays in our 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over our body every six minutes.

When our friends smell our bad breath (but we don't) and we feel like a whipped tomcat, don't waste time and money on useless remedies. Get at the cause. Take Carters Little Liver Pills which gently start the flow of your bile juice. But if "something better" is offered you, don't buy it, for it may be a calomel (mercury) pill which loosens teeth, gripes and scalds the system in many people. Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills by name and get what you ask for—1/3 and 3/6.

$1,000 WON IN CROSSWORD COMPETITION NO. 383

In the above Competition, correct solutions were received from the following nine competitors, who share the £300 offered: F. W. Clode, 50, Kingsley Ave., Southall, Middx.; G. Cree, 10, Havre des Pas, Jersey, C.I.; Miss D. Cooke-Yarborough, Rd., Braintree, Essex; A. Croft, 10a, Parkinson St., Bolton, Lancs; A. Eckersley, 103, Coppice St., Werneth, Oldham; D. J. Linford, 222, Wellesley Rd., Ilford; H. V. Ellis, 51, Gladstone St., Portsmouth; S. Stephens, 11, The Park, Carshalton, Surrey; Mrs. M. Tuxworth, 188, St. George's Hill, Weybridge. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £109 will be sent.

Two of above winners—namely, G. Clarke Jersey and H. V. Ellis, Portsmouth—had one error only [illegible] correct solution. Accordingly they divide £4 [illegible] the value of £1 for each full solution.

Radio Gramophone Bonus as offered.

Any other entrant who claims to have [illegible] should send a postcard to John Bull, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, to reach that office not later than first post, Tuesday, May 21st, for a share of this Prize must demand a scrutiny [illegible] Tuesday, May 21st, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee [illegible] and Postal Order number. Envelope to be marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This Prize has been awarded [illegible] competitors from whom we received solutions [illegible] Runners-up error, and who will each receive 18s. 1d. All [illegible] up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all [illegible] have been notified.

(Continued on page 20)

Phensic
BRAND TABLETS

will relieve your PAIN
without endangering YOUR HEART

Phensic is used by Doctors, Nurses and Hospitals throughout the country.

QUICKEST, SAFEST for ALL NERVE & RHEUMATIC PAINS

Sold Everywhere 3d., 6d., 1/9, 3/- and 5/-

A Silk Stocking SWINDLER

Weekly Informations from Sir Wyndham Childs

WHEN the evidence which forms the basis of this article, was laid before me, I realised that no time must be lost in giving full publicity to all the facts in order to safeguard the community from the further exploits of a clever, daring and unpleasant rogue.

From several aspects this case is unusual. There is first the extraordinary effrontery of the principal in choosing as the centre of his operations a city in which he had previously victimised scores of people and was well known, not only to many business men, but also to the police.

Then we find him simultaneously carrying out two separate and distinct types of fraud. And finally, arising out of the whole matter, a reflection is cast on the methods of a department of the Ministry of Labour—altogether a regrettable affair.

Here is the story:

Some few months ago a young wholesale merchant in the City of Leicester, whose connection was rapidly extending, found himself in need of a traveller-salesman to visit customers with hosiery goods.

Instead of advertising the appointment, he decided that he would see if the central Employment Exchange at Leicester had a suitable person wanting a job on its books. So he visited the Exchange, interviewed a senior official, and was told that they had the "very man" available.

In consequence, Mr. Samuel Cowell, a middle-aged, well-educated and presentable fellow, who described himself as being used to travelling and having had long experience in insurance work, was engaged by the merchant on a weekly salary plus commission.

Good orders

Rather naturally, the merchant jumped to the conclusion that the character and good faith of Mr. Samuel Cowell would have been tested by the Employment Exchange before he was recommended. In consequence—and foolishly, as it later transpired—the employer made no other enquiries about Cowell.

So the new employee started "on the road" as a silk stocking salesman in Leicester and district, taking out samples and making a regular round of prospective customers among smaller shopkeepers. For a time Cowell worked well. He appeared to be doing everything to foster his employer's business, bringing in good orders and afterwards substantial repeat orders.

But one morning Cowell did not appear at the merchant's office in Halford Street, Leicester. Enquiries at his lodgings showed that he had suddenly decamped, omitting to pay a bill owing his landlord.

From that moment suspicion was aroused, and the merchant began to check up the transactions carried out on his behalf by Cowell. Calling on various customers, he realised that he had been defrauded in a most barefaced manner.

Actually Cowell had been passing as the head of the firm and regularly collecting accounts, giving what purported to be official receipts in the name of his employer. Needless to add that the money he received in this way was never paid in to the office.

Five addresses

Moreover, many of the orders passed on to the firm, and on which Cowell had drawn commission, were entirely bogus; he himself had taken the goods and had disposed of them to his own personal advantage. It was ascertained that, over a short period, he had five different addresses in Leicester to which the firm's goods were taken. These he used as the addresses of new customers whom he claimed he had secured for his employer by his energetic canvassing.

He even went to the length of opening negotiations to rent a small warehouse, which he stated he intended to stock with hosiery. Apparently his nerve failed him at that stage, for he made his exit from Leicester about the time he should have taken possession of this warehouse.

A report on the suspicious circumstances of Cowell's disappearance reached me, and, realising there was a good deal more behind it than appeared on the surface, I gave instructions for an investigation by my department.

The result proves how widespread, throughout the Midlands, have been the defalcations and thefts of this plausible, persuasive scoundrel.

While he was working for the hosiery merchant and robbing him, Cowell was also carrying on a bogus insurance agency. He was posing as the representative of insurance and friendly societies, and obtaining from tradesmen first premium payments for insurances of different kinds.

Trail of victims

One insurance in which he specialised was against shop-window breakage and damage to stock by storm and tempest. He imposed on several scores of traders by his argument that he could insure them against all risk at particularly favourable terms.

To substantiate his standing with clients, Cowell produced printed cards with the names of insurance companies thereon, and whenever he extracted premium payments he gave receipts on official-looking forms, promising that the properly drawn policies would be forwarded in the course of a few days.

Numerous complaints have reached the police in the Midland counties from people who have entrusted their insurance premiums to "Sam" Cowell and are still—long after the event—awaiting their policies, which never materialise.

How much this dangerous rogue has secured in hard cash from the victims of his double misconduct as hosiery traveller and insurance agent during four months of this year it is impossible to estimate. Without question, it must be a considerable sum.

In addition to Leicester, his trail can be followed in Hinckley, Nuneaton, Coventry, Birmingham, Nottingham and Manchester.

There are, I learn, victims in all these centres who would dearly like the opportunity of an interview with Mr. Samuel Cowell.

With one part of his insurance work he acted as the representative of a house of London brokers, who found it necessary to send an insurance expert to Leicester in an endeavour to clear up the chaos of Cowell's dishonest activities.

Turning back my records, I see that Samuel Cowell is no stranger to the inside of prison. He has received a number of sentences for wrongdoing. His heaviest punishment was at Leicester Quarter Sessions in 1929, when he received two years' hard labour on charges involving *no fewer than sixty instances* of obtaining money and goods by false pretences.

Among his other convictions are: Coventry, in 1928, twelve months; Leicestershire County Quarter Sessions, 1926, four months on four cases of false pretences; Nuneaton, Warwickshire, in 1925, three months on three charges of larceny and false pretences.

On one occasion, when nearing the end of a term of imprisonment, he wrote a pathetic letter to the manager in Leicester of a Scottish Friendly Society, begging for a new start and declaring that he intended to go straight.

He was given employment out of charity, but later absconded with the insurance books entrusted to him. When, however, a search was made for him, and he was nearly caught, he returned the books through the post.

Cowell has a wife and family, whom he deserted. They are now living in a town near Leicester. A maintenance order obtained in the police court stands against him.

"Very man"

At this final stage I come back to the question of the Employment Exchange at Leicester. To me it seems amazing, in view of his record, that the Employment Exchange should have recommended him and should have sent him as "the very man you want" to a merchant in the town.

For the time being Samuel Cowell is in funds, and therefore may be expected to lie low in hiding. Sooner or later he will need to replenish his resources—unless he is caught before. Then he will no doubt start some other dubious exploit.

This fellow is aged about fifty; short in height and dapper in appearance. He affects a closely clipped moustache and wears gold-rimmed pince-nez and has the most persuasive manners.

I give that description of him as a warning.

Homely Wisdom by — *Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.*

NO REGRETS

ONE JOHN BULL reader has just passed on to me a touching story concerning another, a dear friend of the narrator. They will both forgive me, I am sure, for repeating it in brief outline here, especially as I mention no names.

Two young people half a century ago fell in love with each other and got married. They had almost nothing to start housekeeping on. The husband's wages were incredibly small; there would be an outcry nowadays if any man were paid so little for hard work and long hours.

After a time he took a risk and changed into a different occupation which enabled him to save a little. Out of this tiny nest-egg he and his plucky young wife, who had become a mother, managed to buy some livestock and look after it. The property increased, and as year succeeded to year the thrifty couple found themselves getting beyond the reach of want.

They were never rich, but they had enough for their simple needs and to give their children a better opportunity in life than they themselves had had. Unlike many children for whom similar sacrifices are made, the young people in this case made good and are doing well to-day.

In the evening of life the father and mother were able to view this achievement with pride and thankfulness; but even more they found comfort and satisfaction in each other's unabated confidence and love.

Then the husband died, although not a very old man, and the wife feels as if the best part of her own life had been torn away. There is deep unaffected pathos in what she told her friend about it and which is my reason for relating these facts at all.

She said: "My husband and I regularly attended church together. We were quiet, unobtrusive folk, and we were accustomed to go in and out without attracting much attention. My dear one always sat as close to me as he could, with his coat sleeve touching mine, and if I happened to move farther along the seat he invariably followed.

"I used sometimes to feel a little shy of this, fearing that people might laugh at us for being too demonstrably affectionate in public. But what would I not give to feel that old coat sleeve pressing against mine now?"

One turns from reading this idyll of lowly joy and sorrow sweetened by tender, unselfish devotion, the like of which is still to be found in many thousands of English homes; and then one reads in the newspaper of domestic hatred, family jars, rebellious children, cruel tragedies in the most sacred of earthly relationships.

Those good people are to be congratulated whose companionship of soul remains true till death. It is of the very stuff of immortality and the grave cannot destroy it.

The message of Easter, which is the Festival of Springtime, is:—

That Life is ever lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own.

Wife of Harley Street Specialist

makes Striking Pronouncement

"'Beltona' Lotion is the best remedy for Rheumatism I know . . . . it alleviates pain, and is most refreshing and pleasant to use . . . . I am recommending it to all my friends and have asked my husband to tell his patients to use it."

IN the great struggle against rheumatic illness in its many painful and crippling forms Beltona brand Lotion has proved itself the wonder remedy of a wonder age.

In no less than 20,000 fully authenticated cases, many of them severe and of long standing, Beltona Lotion has demonstrated its amazing power to bring relief to the crippled and pain-ridden, to unloose and unlock stiffened, swollen, and crippled joints; to drive out Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago and Neuritis; to tranquillise and comfort painful and inflamed nerves; to ease and strengthen aching muscles, to restore supple movement to weak and infirm limbs, and to quickly banish almost every kind of ache and pain.

Even the bed-ridden and people compelled to use wheeled chairs have found in Beltona Lotion a peerless remedy which has delivered them from the tyranny of intolerable suffering and restored to them the unspeakable blessing of pain-free, happy activity.

North, South, East and West, men and women in every conceivable profession, trade, and occupation; brain workers, manual labourers, business men and women, artists, athletes, old and young—in every sphere of national and individual life are to be found the most striking examples of the healing and restoring power of Beltona Lotion.

REMARKABLE CURE OF DISTINGUISHED DOCTOR'S WIFE

No more convincing evidence of the efficacy of Beltona could be afforded than in the remarkable case of the wife of a well-known Harley Street Specialist. This lady—despite the fact that she had at her disposal the most skilled and scientific treatment available, and that by virtue of her husband's distinguished professional position, the very latest remedial discoveries ever within her reach—remained a victim to that curse of modern civilisation—Rheumatism.

The Reward of Perseverance

This particular case illustrates the necessity for perseverance in the use of Beltona Lotion. In many instances wonderful results have been *quickly* obtained, whilst in others the process of restoration has been more gradual, and for a time progress has been relatively slow.

In the case under review there was, at first, little result, and this lady entered into correspondence with Mr. Ernest Belton, who gave explicit directions and advice as to the application of Beltona, and urged her to persevere. She did so, and a little later wrote to Mr. Belton to report most gratifying benefit.

"'Beltona' the Best Remedy I Know"

"'Beltona,'" she then wrote, "is the best remedy I know for Rheumatism. This is the truth . . . it alleviates pain, and is pleasant and refreshing to use . . . . . I am recommending it to all my friends, and *have asked my husband to tell his patients to use it.*"

Convincing Testimony

Coming from the wife of a distinguished physician, could any testimony be more convincing? Yet it is merely examplary of *hundreds* of cases in which men and women who had exhausted every remedial resource of Doctors and Hospitals were completely restored to vigorous health and pain-free activity, *solely by a persevering use of the now world-famous Beltona brand Lotion.*

Mr. Ernest Belton, the gifted discoverer of Beltona, is convinced that, provided the remedy is intelligently and perseveringly used, the percentage of cases of Rheumatic illness which will not respond to its beneficent powers is almost negligible.

It is for this reason that he earnestly desires *that every Rheumatic sufferer shall try Beltona*, and offers the unequivocal Guarantee of 'Benefit or Nothing to Pay'—printed below, which, throwing wide the gateway to release from pain, yet protects the sufferer from the possibility of even a small expenditure without adequate return.

EVERY SUFFERER **from Rheumatism, Gout, Neuritis, Sciatica, Lumbago and all such painful and Crippling afflictions is invited to test BELTONA Brand Lotion TO-DAY—under an honest and straightforward Guarantee—**

YOU BENEFIT or PAY NOTHING.

The Rev. C. H. Newland officially receiving the gift of the Propelling Chair from Mr. Lucas, who was crippled for ten years with severe Rheumatism, and helpless for two years. Then he commenced using Beltona Brand Lotion, and in six weeks was walking. He can now ride a cycle, and do almost anything with his hands.

Guarantee

Get from any Chemist a Two-Shilling Bottle of BELTONA Brand Lotion, and use half the contents as directed. If you have not begun to feel benefit, such as relief from pain—some loosening of Stiff Muscles or Joints, and general ease of Movement—then you may return the remainder to Beltona, Ltd., and the Two Shillings will be refunded in full.

(Signed) ERNEST BELTON.

ALL QUALIFIED CHEMISTS SELL

"BELTONA"

BRAND LOTION

2/-, 3/- and 5/-

PER BOTTLE

There is also a specially economical Family Size at 12/6.

No proprietary right is claimed in this Preparation apart from the trade name Beltona.

When Beltona Enters the Home—Pain Leaves it!

SHILLINGS *for a Shattered* LIFE

A Pensioner's Monstrous Treatment

Unable to work, Mr. Alfred Welch is a living reminder of the horrors of war and the gratitude of Whitehall

THOUGH we have enjoyed nearly seventeen years of peace there are still grim reminders of war horrors in the lives of many of our fellows. The other day an artificial limb was delivered to a disabled ex-Service man in North Kensington, London, whose faith in the Ministry of Pensions has long since been shattered.

He is one of the thousands of youngsters who received their baptism under fire during the famous "March Offensive" in 1918, when battalions of youths of eighteen years and under were rushed to the support of the hard-pressed divisions then retiring before the most terrific onslaught in the entire history of the war.

This reader of JOHN BULL is a man who now has a wife and two children. He is Mr. Alfred Welch, of 20, Hume Road, Notting Hill, London, who, after less than three months' military training found himself pitchforked into the ranks among the veterans of Ypres and the Somme.

Alfred Welch is to-day one of the many disillusioned victims of the war. His health is shattered, one leg has been amputated, and he has long since lost the home for which he had almost paid.

Yet he is to-day but thirty-five years of age, with half his life before him, and a son and a daughter to clothe, feed and educate.

Grave injustice

His sojourn in France was brief and fleeting. He has but a hazy recollection of shell-holes, barbed wire, trenches with fire-steps and dug-outs. He served with a battalion of the Royal Fusiliers until a shell burst among his platoon, wounding him in the side and in the leg.

He was removed to hospital in Boulogne, and from thence to Farnham in Surrey.

When he was discharged he was in receipt of a full disability pension, but this was almost immediately reduced to an allowance of 8s. a week. In the autumn of 1920 he was awarded a terminal gratuity amounting to £10, and the Ministry of Pensions discarded him.

Alfred Welch has suffered a very grave injustice.

For years his wounds have troubled him, until at long last his right leg has been removed. The Ministry of Pensions itself has admitted that an experimental operation to which he was subjected has proved a failure.

We shall have more to say about this experimental operation a little later, but in the meantime Welch with his wife and children are in receipt of the renewed award amounting to 8s. a week.

He is out of work and unable to resume his normal employment.

For ten years Alfred Welch received not one penny piece either by way of pension or allowances. It is only recently that he has been allowed the original pittance of 8s.

Not a penny

A mere lad when he returned from France, Welch at first resumed his normal employment. He secured work as a private chauffeur to a London business man, and under the impression that he was quite fit he eventually married.

His employer, a man who had also served in Flanders, was considerate, so that although his old wounds troubled him, Welch was able to carry on.

During six years the Ministry of Pensions heard nothing of him; but in 1926 he developed a limp, and car-driving became difficult.

In the meantime he had gathered a home together, and nearly paid for it, although frequently he had been unable to work. When he applied to the Ministry of Pensions, he was afforded treatment, but not one penny by way of financial assistance.

He had to pay his own fares to and from the hospital.

The treatment he was afforded continued for some months, during which he showed little improvement.

Finally he was compelled to abandon a house on which he had paid nearly £400.

Three years ago his wounds broke out afresh. He was then examined at Acton by a doctor, who saw him twice daily.

It is a striking indictment on the methods of the Ministry of Pensions that, although this course of treatment lasted many weeks, Welch was not paid a single penny to cover his expenses or to enable him to support his wife and family.

During this period, too, the sympathetic business man who had employed Welch died, and so the family was left friendless. Yet not until he was actually admitted into the hospital at Roehampton were the treatment allowances paid.

For thirteen months Welch was a patient in what is the most famous war hospital left in Britain. He was operated on, he received the most extensive treatment possible, and he went through courses of electrical and ultra-violet ray treatment.

But too late, for the doctors by this time were unable to arrest the deterioration which had set in. At home, Mrs. Welch was faced with a peremptory demand for £9 due to the Acton authorities for rates.

At Roehampton the question of a further operation arose, and the surgeon who had watched the case closely for twelve months advised amputation.

But there were other doctors who expressed a desire to try out another method—that of directing the flow of blood from the more healthy portion of the stricken man's body to the affected parts.

There was no suggestion that this operation would succeed. The private doctor whom Welch consulted was of the opinion it would fail; and the opinion of this private practitioner was endorsed by an eminent specialist attached to a London hospital.

Yet when Welch declined to undergo this *experimental* operation he was at once discharged and his treatment allowances stopped

He was also refused treatment at the Ministry of Pensions clinic in Acton.

Mrs. Welch had already assumed the rôle of nurse to her invalid husband when the British Red Cross Society stepped in, affording financial assistance and treatment at the National Orthopædic Hospital in Great Portland Street, London.

After a thorough examination the specialist attached to this institution expressed the opinion that the experimental operation was quite unnecessary; yet, in the face of this *third* opinion, the claim Alfred Welch made for pension was once again turned down.

In dire straits by this time, he was obliged to surrender two life insurance policies for £50 each. The Ministry of Pensions turned a deaf ear to every appeal made for help or consideration.

Alfred Welch went in vain to the House of Commons on twenty-one consecutive Parliamentary days in the hope of gaining an interview with the Minister of Pensions: and thus in the end he was obliged to return to the hospital for war-disabled men at Roehampton.

Leg removed

Not until May in 1934 was he called upon to appear before a medical board, when his disabilities were assessed at 20 per cent. Then, unfit for work though he was, Welch reported to the Employment Exchange, and was awarded unemployment benefit.

June came and he was unable to walk, and in these circumstances he was admitted again to the hospital at Roehampton, where in November last his leg was amputated.

Now, after seventeen years of suffering and the loss of a limb, he has been awarded a pension of 8s. a week.

Yet the Ministry of Pensions is empowered to compensate him appropriately for the loss of a limb under the amputation scales laid down in the Royal Warrant. The beggarly grant it has thought fit to make is a sheer insult.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Don't Wait for It!

WHILE the science of psychology is no longer the profound mystery it was to most people a few years ago, the tendency to-day is to go to the other extreme and dismiss it, more or less contemptuously, as a lot of high-flown nonsense.

It is the more unfortunate attitude of the two, for, while there is nothing mysterious or difficult about psychological science, there is certainly nothing nonsensical about it.

An elementary knowledge of psychology is as essential for the proper running of the human machine as a knowledge of mechanical engineering is for the proper running of a machine made of steel.

There was, and to a large extent there still is, for instance, a widespread expectation that people will become good or become efficient by some mysterious influence that comes from lessons, from sermons, from good resolutions or from some even vaguer cause.

But the most elementary knowledge of psychology would show the vanity of such pious hopes. There is no magic way of making a man truthful. The only cure for lying is to tell the truth. There is no magic formula to cure laziness. The only cure for laziness is work. A man can only become efficient by behaving efficiently. He can only become decent or purposeful or generous by behaving decently or purposefully or generously.

The smallest study of psychology teaches us that cause and effect is a rigid and universal law, as rigid in the mental as in the physical world. It teaches us, in fact, that we can do what we like with ourselves—but that we must do it.

We must stand on our own feet and not, like Mr. Micawber, wait for something to turn up, or expect to grow and develop by leaning on other people.

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Doctors use "Vaseline" Jelly for cuts, burns, scalds and bruises. It shuts out infection. Apply at once after cleansing the injury. Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Cons'd., Victoria Road, Willesden, London, N.W.10.

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Ring-a-Ring of PLUNDER!

A Gold Game to Stop

METHODS very reminiscent of the "three-card trick" are being favoured by certain City philanthropists about whom some strong words of warning seem desirable.

In the three-card trick the novice is cordially pressed to stake a wager on one card among three—usually a queen—and at the initial venture he is invariably allowed to win.

What happens after that is another matter. It is sufficient to say that after losing every penny he has to his new found "friends," he is left a sadder and wiser man.

The same applies to a number of readers scattered in Yorkshire, Shropshire, Devonshire, parts of Scotland and in Northern Ireland who have dealt with a firm of stock and share dealers called the Peter Gordon Company, of 54, Old Broad Street, London.

Selected victims

The methods practised by this firm in relieving many unsuspecting people of their money are as follows:—

Its victims are carefully selected from the lists of persons holding shares in well-founded companies and corporations, the activities of which it comments upon in a fortnightly financial journal called "Market News."

The operations of the Peter Gordon Company are thus afforded an air of great respectability that certainly is not merited: and inexperienced investors are induced to place their faith in an entirely unworthy organisation.

Several victims have written us regarding their transactions with the firm. One, a middle-aged Shropshire lady, complains that she has lost every penny she possessed. Another, a man nearing seventy years of age, has been relieved of his entire fortune of £3,000.

Yet a third is a Hull reader who, having sunk some hundreds of pounds, is unable to obtain any news of his investments.

Unexpected call

Let us consider the circumstances in which these losses have been incurred.

It is a remarkable fact that in every instance before us precisely the same methods have been adopted.

Our Hull reader, who was the fortunate holder of a number of shares in a well-known concern, was approached by Peter Gordon and Company with an offer of a number of similar shares at less than market price.

He jumped at this bait and heard nothing for three weeks, when he received a quite unexpected call from a representative of the Peter Gordon Company, who cordially invited him to sell his entire holding at a profit.

This first move successfully accomplished, the visitor proceeded to expound the merits of another company called the Western Consolidated Gold Reefs, Ltd., of 120, Moorgate Street, London.

Shares in this venture were offered at 32s., and so optimistic was the caller that he confidently declared that within a week or two they would be worth as much as 45s.

His first investment having proved remunerative, our reader placed faith in the Peter Gordon concern, and forthwith purchased a hundred shares in the goldmining venture.

But from the moment he had parted with his money, he experienced difficulty in obtaining further news of this investment.

A letter addressed to the Peter Gordon Company was unanswered, and a request that the shares should be sold out at a much reduced rate was not complied with. Enquiry now proves that shares in the Western Consolidated Gold Reefs, Ltd., are not quoted on the Stock Exchange. So our reader is burdened with stock for which he paid £160, but which he cannot sell.

In like manner, the Peter Gordon Company selected an elderly villager, whose name figured in the list of shareholders of a famous goldmine, and this innocent victim was in due course relieved of every penny he possessed.

As a first move he was offered an additional £300 worth of the excellent shares he already held: but subsequently he was saddled with a number of shares in Western Consolidated Gold Reefs, Ltd.

In the process he was induced to sell out his holding of profit-bearing shares, and then buy £600 worth of shares in the company indicated.

Later on he was favoured with a visit from two men from a concern which occupies the same office as the Western Consolidated Gold Reefs Company, at 120, Moorgate Street, London.

The financial wizards who now handled the affairs of this simple villager next carried through an operation involving 1,200 of his original shares, and then relieved him of £560 in cash for shares in the Gold Reefs concern.

Finally, after he had parted with his money, the Peter Gordon Company left him severely alone to face his heavy losses.

The third victim is a lady living in Shropshire. The representative who called upon her after she had been favoured with preliminary circulars proceeded to sweep her off her feet with visions of wealth to be made in margin speculations. She was invited to sell her safe securities and buy shares in Western Consolidated Gold Reefs. The young man who visited her boasted that Mr. L. R. Cranwell, of the Peter Gordon Company, was his uncle—a millionaire and a philanthropist.

The company we deal with here selects its victims from the lists of people holding shares in well-founded companies, the activities of which it comments on in a financial journal called "The Market News"

Securities sold

This Shropshire lady writes to say she paid 34s. each for shares in Western Consolidated Gold Reefs, Ltd., and that £400 worth of her safe securities were sold in order to pay for them.

We have yet another instance in which a reader who was circularised parted with her valuable holdings.

This reader was also induced to buy nearly £50 worth of shares; but she is now unable to obtain an account of her transactions.

In light of these complaints it is interesting to look into the constitution of the Peter Gordon Company. It occupies a suite of offices on the fourth floor at 54, Old Broad Street, London, and the concern itself is simply a five-shilling Business Names registration.

According to the particulars on the official file the person responsible for this registration is a Mr. Louis Roy Cranwell, who is described as an outside stock and share broker.

Readers should seek advice before embarking on operations in connection with the sale of stocks and shares of any kind, and they should be especially wary of any offers made by travelling touts of the type here exposed.

HE'S A SHADY EYE QUACK

NEW territory is now being exploited by a dangerous, unqualified "eye specialist"—an Indian by the name of Mohamed Bogh.

For a number of years Mohamed Bogh sold his quack treatments for affections of the eye from an address in Fenton Street, Leeds. On several occasions we issued a warning against him and his unorthodox methods.

Lately, the fellow migrated to Middlesbrough, where he took over a practice previously conducted by a relative. Bogh is regularly receiving patients at his Middlesbrough address, and at the same time still retaining part of his Leeds connection by paying occasional visits to the Yorkshire city for "professional" purposes.

One of the reasons which has led to Bogh's exit from Leeds is his bankruptcy. He failed to meet his financial obligations, and in consequence figured before the Official Receiver at the Leeds Bankruptcy Court.

During his public examination Mohamed Bogh was questioned as to his supposed qualifications to act as "an eye specialist," but he carefully avoided the direct issue

* * *

He made the fantastic claim that his business was "generations old," and had been handed down from father to son: a kind of secret knowledge.

"Do you consider," asked the Official Receiver, "that you have any right to treat people where such a delicate organ as the eye is concerned?"

Thereupon Bogh made this reply: "We have learned the business since we were babies. Our family always teach the same." He admitted, however, that it was a very dangerous thing to meddle with the eye.

Everything the man Bogh states is fantastic nonsense from a medical point of view.

He is without any qualification or degree which is recognised in this country; frankly a charlatan.

It cannot be too strongly emphasised that the risk of affording treatment of any kind by persons totally unqualified to afford it is a grave public menace.

Practitioners of his type should be avoided by people who have any consideration for their own well-being. Mohamed Bogh has failed in Leeds, and we should like to know that the same fate awaits him at Middlesbrough.

Write to JOHN BULL about it!

ALIMONY

The former wife, too fond of champagne and night clubs, can pursue her pleasures with men friends out of her alimony, while . . .

A TOPIC frequently mentioned of late by New York correspondents in their despatches to British newspapers has been the action contemplated by the legislatures of the United States of America to put an end to what is known as the "heart balm racket."

Heart balm is the term commonly used in America to represent the payment of divorce alimony to injured wives. Nearly £100,000,000 is now being paid yearly in that country by guilty husbands to their former wives under orders of the courts, and a recent investigation has revealed that a very large part of this sum is being obtained by shrewd women who married solely for the purpose of obtaining an early divorce and exacting heavy financial damages and maintenance from their men victims.

Gold-diggers

So serious has been the nature of the discoveries that in eight States already legislation has been prepared to stop the grant of alimony to wives who are childless and physically able to support themselves. Public opinion has indeed been so roused throughout the U.S.A. against this anti-social traffic that the just and reasonable claims of innocent women may be prejudiced and submerged in the demand for a cleansing of the alimony laws.

The exploitation of alimony privileges is not, however, peculiar to America. Gold-digging of this kind by crafty women aided by unscrupulous lawyers is common in every country, and in every branch of society. Great Britain is no exception.

In this country, it is computed, about £12,000,000 is at present being paid every year in divorce alimony and a considerable proportion of it forms the income of professional vamps or professional marriers—women who, with a single design, entrap men into marriage, make conjugal existence impossible from the start, manœuvre an early separation, and then proceed to obtain undefended divorce decrees from their disillusioned husbands.

A great number of women in Britain are drawing two sets of alimony from former husbands, and a case is known to JOHN BULL in which the woman is receiving maintenance under four alimony deeds from men to whom she was married for brief periods. Her income to-day is, in fact, at least twice that of the richest of her four husbands. Three of them have endeavoured to get their respective liabilities cancelled or reduced, but, so cleverly has the woman been assisted by an ingenious solicitor in the preparation of the alimony contracts, that escape has been impossible for any of them.

Britain, however, entertains a type of alimony bandit which even the chroniclers of events in America do not seem to have detected there. *The plunderers, and there are a large number of them in this country, are not women but men.* They are parasites who wax fat upon alimony paid by other men to their divorced wives.

The field is open to these leeches in Britain as it is nowhere else. Other countries have legal devices by which a divorced woman forfeits the rights to income from her former husband when she comes under the care and protection of another man, but in Britain the law is wide open to abuse and in many cases is being most savagely abused by men without sense of honour or shame.

Before describing the results of an enquiry into this new and remarkable branch of the divorce traffic which has been made by JOHN BULL in different parts of the country, it may be best to give a clear definition of the legal aspects of divorce alimony. No subject is perhaps less understood by ordinary members of the public. Notwithstanding the ever-increasing list of suits which have to be dealt with every term by the Divorce Division of the High Court, matrimonial disaster comes still to only a relatively minor number of people, so that the misconception and lack of knowledge which prevails regarding the operation and enforcement of alimony rules is understandable.

False title

In fact, the word alimony itself, in relation to events following a divorce, is a misnomer and a misapplication. Alimony is, strictly, the sum paid to the wife *pendente lite*—that is, from the time the divorce petition is filed until the divorce decree is made absolute. Thereafter, the payments, either arranged between the parties or ordered to be made by the Registrar of the Divorce Division, are legally and correctly known as "permanent maintenance." As the word "alimony" is the common and popular one, however, it will be used for present purposes.

Only a woman who is an aggrieved party in a divorce action can claim alimony. When the woman is guilty and is the respondent, she has no right whatsoever to any alimony grant, although, in exceptional circumstances, the court may order a small compassionate allowance to be made to her as a condition of granting a decree to the husband.

Usually the rate allowed is one-third of the husband's average annual income for the previous three years, unless the husband's income is very large, in which case the wife will receive a lesser portion. If she has an income of her own, the alimony allowed will only be such as to make the total up to one-third of that of her husband. Where there are children of the marriage she will get slightly more, and the husband is made liable also for the education and similar costs in the upbringing of the children.

The alimony order is generally made in two parts. The first provides for an income to the wife during the joint lives of her and her husband, so that when one of them dies this part ceases to operate. The other directs the husband to give security for part of the total sum ordered to be paid, so that, if he pre-deceases his wife, she will still be provided for. Thus, if the husband's income is £600 a year, £200 has to be paid on behalf of the wife. But only £120 will be paid to her during his lifetime, the other £80 being set aside to form a fund, perhaps by insurance, in her favour lest he should die first. When the wife dies, all money in this fund reverts to the estate of the husband and his heirs.

The flaw

If the husband's income increases after the date of the order the woman can go back to the court and ask for an increase of alimony. Similarly, the husband, if the original order contains a clause enabling him to do so, can apply for a reduction if his circumstances change for the worse. If the husband defaults at any time in his observance of the order, the wife can recover the amount of arrears by the ordinary process of debt recovery, either by levying execution upon his estate or having him committed to prison upon a judgment summons.

The loophole in the law of this country which is now being so unscrupulously exploited by men who prey upon divorced women, is that there is no uniform practice in the courts as to the contingency of the wife's remarriage or of her cohabitation, although, almost invariably, the duration of the alimony order is not allowed to cease upon the woman's remarriage, or, if without marriage, she places herself in the care of another man.

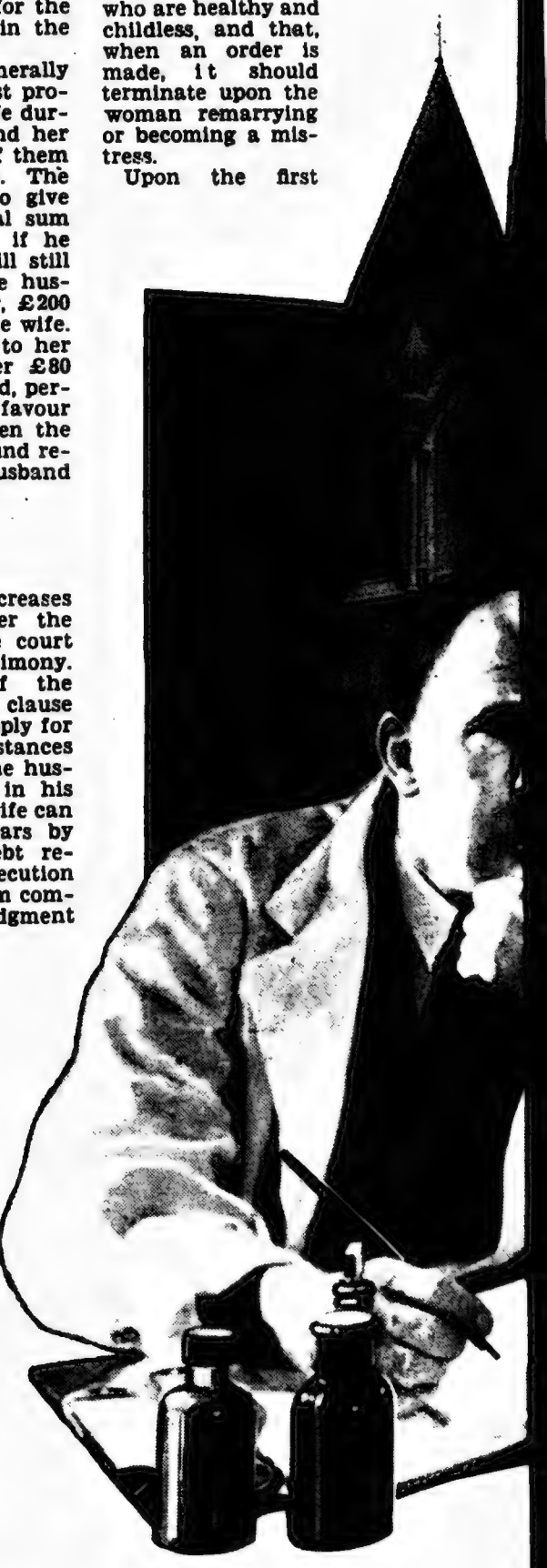
In the earlier days of the Divorce Court it was considered that, if a wife availed herself of the freedom conferred on her and married again, it was not reasonable to compel the former husband to maintain her.

But all that is now changed, and, while the effect of the present statutes is to leave an unfettered discretion in each case to the court, there are very few instances in which a woman who has obtained a divorce and marries again or cohabits is deprived of her alimony.

Sometimes a specific condition is sought to be made in the order that alimony will only continue to be paid so long as the wife remains chaste and unmarried, but an application of this kind is almost always strenuously resisted.

Sex-equality propagandists go so far as to demand that, on the principle now forming the subject of legislation in America, no divorce alimony orders should be made in the case of women who are healthy and childless, and that, when an order is made, it should terminate upon the woman remarrying or becoming a mistress.

Upon the first



HUSBANDS

Incredible Divorce Traffic

. . . the divorced husband goes on paying year in and year out, sometimes under grave handicaps, which may ruin his business

aspect of that argument, British jurists are unanimous that there must never be in this country any departure from the principle that a husband who has broken the marriage contract shall be able to escape from the future maintenance of his wife whether she is healthy or has borne him children or not.

So many extraordinary facts regarding the number of women who marry only with a view to divorce and alimony and men who batten upon divorced wives for their alimony are becoming known, however, that a perceptible movement is in progress to check and end this growing scandal.

The vicious consequences of the present system whereby such a large number of men are living upon money provided by other men will be seen from the case of a surgeon-dentist with a practice among the working-class community of an industrial town in the south-east of England.

Pursuit of gaiety

In 1914, soon after his graduation, he became fascinated by a young woman whom he met at a dance and a very brief engagement and quick marriage followed. They had lived together for only a few weeks when the Great War began, but in that short time the young practitioner was able to discern that he had made a mistake. The woman was reckless and extravagant, flirtatious, and refused to submit to the simplest rules of joint domestic life.

The husband joined an infantry regiment, but, later, he was called to a commission in the Royal Army Medical Corps. Throughout the war, his wife lived in London and deplorable reports reached him at the Front regarding her mode of conduct. To say the least, she was living in a style far above what was possible upon his Army pay and allowances. Towards the end of the war he was discharged with severe wounds and shell shock and purchased his present practice upon an instalment basis by payments from his income spread over a period.

The woman not only refused after a short time to live in this industrial town, but she almost destroyed the practice at the outset by gibing at and flouting the working-class folk who came to her husband's surgery. She wanted the gay life of London's West End, and soon she deserted her home and went back to the haunts for which she had acquired a craving.

Not long afterwards, representations were made to the husband by a solicitor who called upon him from London that if he allowed his wife to be the petitioner in an undefended divorce suit, she could make a better marriage when the decree was made absolute. To this course he somewhat gallantly agreed.

Never for a moment had the husband perceived the woman's real intentions. As soon as the decree was granted, she applied for and, of course, obtained an order for one-third of his income to be paid to her, and he was faced also with an enormous bill of costs from the solicitor who had stage-managed it.

The husband pleaded to the court that he had been deceived, that the publicity given to the proceedings had heavily damaged his practice, and that, in any case, his income should be judged after deduction of the large sum he was paying out annually for the purchase of the practice. These things counted for nought. He had to pay in full.

Night life

Not many months passed before the husband discovered that his former wife was living under the roof of another man who obviously possessed substantial means, and that, fashionably attired, she was frequenting the costliest night resorts of London. He made a move to have the order annulled, but was met with the cold response that his wife was now a free agent, that he was no longer the guardian of her morals, and that her association with another man availed him nothing in the eyes of the law.

The woman counter-attacked. She actually paid for relays of private enquiry agents to go from London to keep observation on his practice, so that she could ascertain when it improved, and she would be able to apply to the court for an increase of the already substantial rate of alimony allowed to her! At intervals also she travelled herself to the town where the surgeon lived and, with the utmost vindictiveness, created such scenes at his home and surgery that patients left him by the score.

Then the husband learned that his former wife had married a man in an excellent position. Surely that, he thought, would be the end of his torture. Not a bit of it. She continued to demand the full rate of alimony and, when he approached her new husband and appealed to his better instincts, he was only laughed at and shown off the premises.

Merciless

For three weeks the surgeon was completely unable to make the alimony payments. The woman acted quickly. She put the bailiffs into his home, and for many days his visiting patients sat in the waiting-room in the company of the broker's men.

When he went to the court and gave his reasons why the order should be set aside, he met with no success. He encountered a snag which so many hundreds of divorced husbands who are contributing to the incomes of other men have also met. *He found that the onus was upon him to prove the means of his former wife's second husband, and that she was obtaining a share of those means.* He, like so many other men in similar circumstances, could not produce the necessary evidence. The alimony husbands who prey upon divorced men and women take very good care that this evidence shall not be available.

So this wretched man, weighed down by an almost intolerable burden, has still to carry on in poverty. The woman he had the misfortune to marry is living in circumstances of luxury, and the greater part of his income is steadily drained by her on behalf of herself and her second husband. Of course the first husband cannot ask another woman to join him in wedlock and to rear a family. He is beggared beyond hope.

From numerous other cases, take one of an East Anglian farmer. His wife lived with him for only three weeks, when she made it clear that the only purpose of her marriage was to obtain a divorce and alimony. She made his existence so terrible that it seemed to be a relief to get rid of her on her own terms. From the financial aspect, she has since contracted a better marriage, but she refuses to agree to any variation in the alimony deed. She exacts her pound of flesh so mercilessly that twice recently, when his circumstances have been bad and he has been unable to pay her, she has had an order for his committal to prison for three weeks made on each occasion.

The farmer also made a direct and beseeching appeal to the woman's second husband, who is believed to have an income of about £1,800 a year, but he refuses even to acknowledge the letters of supplication which have been sent to him.

There are even worse cases. Nothing more discreditable could be imagined than a wealthy man allowing his paramour to draw an income not from a former husband but from her former husband's second wife. The facts of this case are cruel but very simple.

Jail threats

A superintendent engineer in Lancashire, after a brief and childless marriage, consented to an arranged divorce so that his wife could follow her natural bent towards a jazz-and-champagne existence. She is now the mistress of a rich professional man, who provides her with her own home and every luxury that could be desired. But she still exacts £3 10s. per week from her former husband as one-third of his income, and she has three times applied to the court to have him sent to jail when he found it impossible to pay.

Lately, he has been completely disabled by an accident and the woman with whom he formed a second marriage had to go out to work to maintain the home and their children. But practically all she earned had to be devoted, under the constant threat of her husband's imprisonment, to the payment of his alimony to the first wife, who is living in the best of circumstances.

Under this terrible strain, the woman has collapsed and is now in hospital. When she leaves, she and her disabled husband and their two little children will have no choice but to move into the workhouse.

The woman who has created this havoc in the lives of these people is relentless, and the rich man with whom she is associated is callously content that she should continue to exact her uttermost legal dues from the man and woman she has impoverished and ruined.

Already the guardians of the legal profession are becoming anxious about the situation being created by these parasites who thrive upon the alimony laws. Widespread knowledge of the facts may soon mobilise public opinion in such strength that the brake will have to be applied upon the perpetuation of an abhorrent scandal.

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MYSTERY in the TAXI

I was conscious of something approaching stealthily. . . . There was my aristocratic fare, a suitcase in either hand, a beautiful girl with him

John Bull Readers' Stories No. 129

I SUPPOSE I can call myself successful. Ten years ago I was having a desperate struggle to make a living from a taxi-cab into which I had put all my savings. I had spent five months, on a bicycle, learning every street, alley, corner and short-cut in London in order to pass the stiff Scotland Yard test for would-be London taxi-drivers. That made a hole in my bank, and there was still £300 to be paid off the cab in instalments, with the result that my final rake-off made a very thin living.

To-day, I own a fleet of cabs and a service garage. My wife and little son live comfortably in a north suburb, I don't need to drive myself now, and my passbook shows quite a healthy balance.

Just another story, you would say, illustrating the virtues of hard work and supreme faith. But you would be wrong. For, actually, my success revolves round an extraordinary piece of good fortune which brought me a gift of £1,500 from a person I do not even know by name, whom I saw once only, and whom I do not expect ever to meet again.

I said the money was a "gift." Well, it wasn't really. But that is my story.

I was cruising along the pavement's edge in Grosvenor Road one dismal, wet September night when a young man in evening dress, with his coat collar up, appeared as if from nowhere. He raced down the pavement and hailed me.

As soon as he spoke I knew him to be foreign. French, I thought. He was exceedingly tall, but he was of full build and had a military bearing. He was handsome-looking. As he spoke he removed his top-hat and mopped his brow. He was breathless as if he had been running hard for a long time, and I saw that his hands were trembling violently.

He gave me the address of a well-known hotel in Park Lane, and as I leaned out and closed the door on him a wave of some peculiar perfume made me twitch my nostrils.

I had scarcely drawn to a stop outside the hotel when he jumped out. He told me to wait, ran up the steps and disappeared beyond the foyer.

At the end of half an hour my patience went; and at the end of an hour my suspicions jagged me into doing something about it. The other drivers on the rank had told me strange stories of being bilked, and I wondered if I looked a greenhorn to the fellow.

But just as I was climbing down to ask the commissionaire who the man was and where he had gone to, a small dark man, a typical valet, sidled up to me and said in the most execrable English that my fare sent his apologies and would I meet him in Pont Street at 12.30.

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The man-servant then asked me to take him to Victoria, to the Continental side. He turned and ran into the hotel, appeared in a moment with a small attaché case and his coat over his arm and jumped in, banging the door behind him.

Mystified, not liking it too well, and trying to make up my mind how to act, I set off. It was all so strange that it occurred to me it couldn't be crookery. Crime doesn't advertise itself like that. This was much too blatant.

At Victoria Station the dapper little fellow paid me the fare, including what had been standing on the clock. And a substantial tip as well.

I was intrigued. Something funny was happening. Something right outside of my experience. I mentally noted all the details and times, convinced that the day would come when I would need to retail them. I only hoped that it was nothing that would tie me up badly with the police.

I had some supper at a stall in Grosvenor Gardens, and I passed the time gossiping with other drivers. I didn't feel inclined to take any of them into my confidence. And, anyhow, nothing had happened yet.

When I set off for Belgrave I felt like an Edgar Wallace character looking for trouble, and I was as excited as a schoolboy. The night had cleared. It was bright moonlight when I drew up at the house in Pont Street. Some of the lower windows were lighted, as well as the fanlight above the front door. I didn't know the house; but whoever lived in it was wealthy. That was certain.

I glued my eyes on that door, my face cupped in my gloved hands as I propped up my elbows on the steering wheel.

Ten minutes passed. Two taxis rolled along towards Sloane Square. Apart from that the street was deserted. Suddenly, I was conscious of someone approaching stealthily from behind. I turned round quickly—and there was my aristocratic fare, a suitcase in either hand and a beautiful girl with him.

The "Prince," as I had nicknamed him, was dressed in tweeds. He wore a warm, belted coat, and a cap. The girl—she appeared to be in her early twenties—was wrapped in a grey squirrel coat, and as she stopped by the cab door she looked anxiously up and down the street as if afraid of something, or someone.

I was dumbfounded. They had come from another number altogether. What were they up to? What were they running away from? I closed the door, wondering what I was letting myself in for.

"Driver, will you hurry, please?" It was the girl who spoke, in perfect English. "Will you drive us to Liverpool?"

"To Liverpool! Well—" and I looked at her.

"We've a boat to catch—at ten o'clock in the morning. Can you do it? You must!" She smiled, and I saw her take a quick peep in the direction they had come.

Would—? I wanted the money badly. But I didn't like the business. The "Prince's" hand came out of the window, and I saw some notes. . . "There is much again for a driver who is good," he exclaimed.

I remembered my instalments. The notes were four Bank of England "fivers." That did it.

"Right!" I said, and I knew I'd see them through—whatever they had done. After all, it wasn't my business.

I filled up with petrol at the first depot and took two tins in beside me. While the attendant was at the pump I went into the office and telephoned my wife, giving her as many details as I could.

"Just in case!" I thought. And three minutes later my night journey with a load of mystery began.

At the beginning of the journey, before I had reached Hendon, I must have glanced back two dozen times into the cab, not knowing what I was expecting to see. But just fearful.

They were talking at first; then I saw them transfer some papers from one case to another; then they were sitting closely together just staring out of the windows; then when I looked again she was sound asleep on his shoulder, and he had an arm round her while he stared straight ahead so still, and for so long, that I began to wonder if he was sleeping with his eyes open.

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A puncture held me up for fifteen minutes, and we had two stops for some hot coffee which I was asked to fetch to the cab. The journey was uneventful, and I made Liverpool by eight o'clock.

Outside the Lime Street Station Hotel I was asked to stop. They both got out, the girl lovely and radiant as if she had slept soundly on a soft bed all night.

(Continued on page 26)

Bulmer's cider suits everyone

said the SPRINTER *to the* WAITER

MEN who "travel fast" need to be far more careful about what they drink than those who tread the slower paths of life. Yet, strange as it may seem, Bulmer's is light enough to safeguard the one yet invigorating enough to satisfy the other.

Bulmer's with food is always a wise decision because the wine of the apples exhilarates without leaving a sense of heaviness. And no extra appetiser is required. Try this most excellent cider to-day.

10½d a flagon (England and Wales only)

1'- in Scotland

BULMER'S WOODPECKER CIDER

THE WORLD'S LARGEST CIDER MAKERS, H. P. BULMER & CO. LTD., HEREFORD

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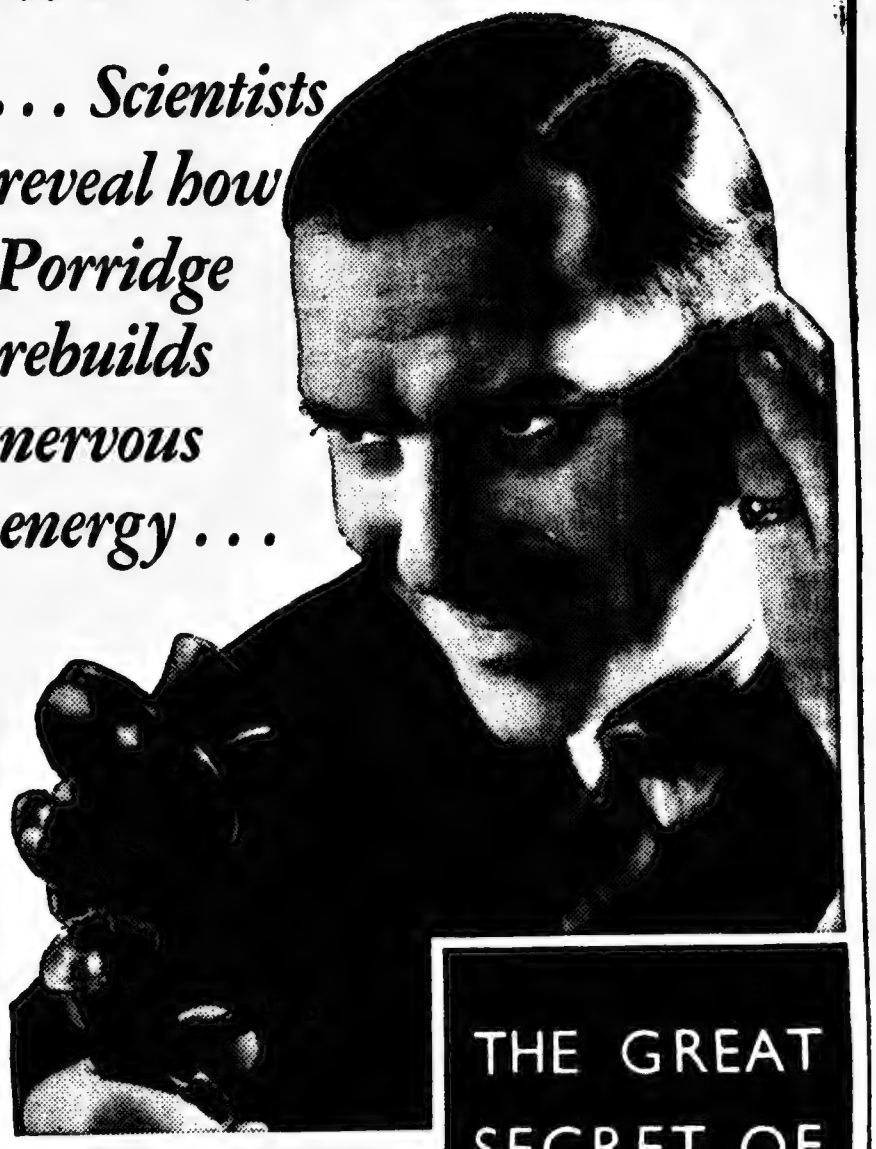
We "live on our nerves"

. . . Scientists reveal how Porridge rebuilds nervous energy . . .



THE GREAT SECRET OF VITAMIN B AND OATS

How Oats feed the nerves, *stimulate* appetite—*and combat* constipation

Scientists have just brought to light a highly interesting and important reason for eating Quaker Oats—apart from its already known body-building powers and its unique rich creamy flavour.

For, they tell us, besides its wealth of life-building minerals and proteins, *Quaker Oats contains a far greater abundance of the precious yeast-Vitamin B than has been appreciated in the past!* And lack of this Vitamin in diet has been found a definite cause of poor appetite, nervousness and constipation.

By giving yourself the treat of a delicious Quaker Oats breakfast, you get the daily tonic effect of the yeast Vitamin in the cheapest, most appetising way possible, and you will be delightfully surprised by the increase in your nervous energy and healthy appetite.

Quaker Oats is made of the finest oats the world produces, grown and ripened in sunny Canada and roasted by a special process which gives them a rich, delicious, creamy *flavour* no other cereal has ever been able to imitate!

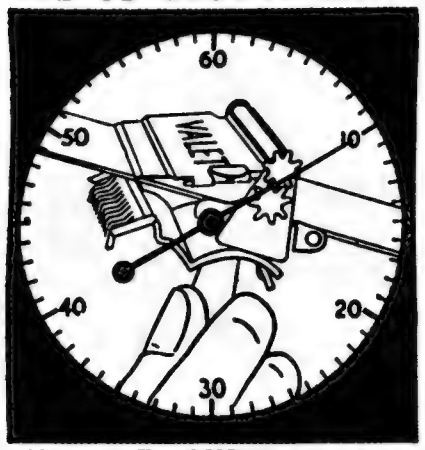
Economical, too, the 8½d. packet gives 40 delicious helpings; and Quaker Oats is sold only in *sealed packets* which not only preserve the special flavour but protect the contents from dust, taint and other impurities.

QUAKER OATS

Two kinds, Quaker Oats and Quick Quaker—Made in Canada—Quaker Oats Ltd., London.

2028

THE 60 SECOND SHAVE



AND THE SIXTY-SECOND AS GOOD AS THE FIRST

Yes, sixty seconds is all it takes to shave with the Valet because there's nothing to unscrew, nothing to take apart, nothing to adjust—the simplest self-stropping razor in the world. And those few seconds on the strop keep the Valet blade in perfect condition and ensure a keen, clean shave each time and every time. The Valet was the original self-stropping razor and it's still the simplest and the best. Of all dealers.

10 Secs. to Strop
39 Secs. to Shave
4 Secs. to Rinse
7 Secs. to Wipe
60 Secs.

Complete Sets from 2/6 to 45/-.

'VALET' Auto Strop Safety Razor

BRITISH MADE

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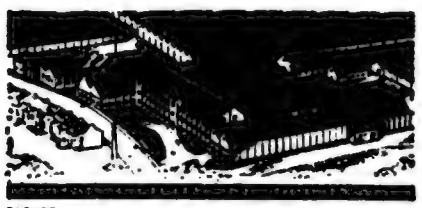
In a Royal Enfield you get the best of everything. The highest grade British steel — new frame angles that ensure speed without fatigue—every modern refinement that makes cycling safe, easy and enjoyable. In short, the best modern bicycle that money can buy—at a price only made possible by the vast resources of Britain's finest Cycle Factory.

Ask your local Dealer to show you our new Lightweight "Safety" Models.

ROYAL ENFIELD

PRICES FROM £3.19.9 OR 2/- WEEKLY

"The Bicycle of Distinction."



PLEASE SEND CATALOGUE NAME ..... ADDRESS .....

D. 1.

MYSTERY IN THE TAXI—continued from page 24

Was it ROMANCE ?

She thanked me; then the "Prince" thanked me and gave me a five pound tip.

I watched them go into the hotel. At the entrance the girl looked back—again with that furtive air. Then they were gone. And that was the last of them.

I was pretty glad to see them go, although the night's adventure had been a highly profitable one to me.

◪ ◪ ◪

"There goes mystery," I muttered. "Good luck to them!" And I went off in search of a good breakfast and a bath.

That evening, when I got back to my lock-up, dog-tired but thoroughly satisfied, I sat down on the step and hurriedly scanned the evening papers—"just in case!" But I could find nothing in the news to link up with my passengers.

As I was brushing out the cab I saw something lying on the seat, well to the rear. Picking it up, I found that it was a wallet bulging with English and American notes.

There was nothing else; no name, no initials, no crest. It was an ordinary morocco case such as you can buy anywhere for a few shillings. I remember I was trembling violently as I began to count the money out slowly, half of my brain going over the whole disturbing adventure again.

There was just over £700 in Bank of England and Treasury notes; the rest was American paper, with two French notes.

Right away I went to the police. And I told them my story, hoping to heaven that I wasn't going to harvest a crop of trouble and enquiries. It was there that I discovered that the total value of the money was just short of £1,500. The second night was almost gone without sleep. That was much more important to me then, as I felt certain that a fortune like that would not be long without an owner.

But when I got up the next morning almost the first thought that occurred to me was that the "Prince" and his girl would never be found. The more I thought of it, the more certain I was. And when all that day went without news of my fares I found myself beginning to wonder who would own the money in the end.

The Park Lane Hotel people knew nothing about the man. They seemed to think I was imagining things when I repeated my description of him and related how I had waited outside for an hour while he was in the hotel.

The number in Pont Street, of course, didn't mean a thing. And it's a long street, and there was no saying where they had come from before I noticed them hurrying up behind.

Shipping offices were combed and bookings scrutinised; it was discovered that they had never gone into the Liverpool hotel. Obviously, that had been a blind.

They probably waited until I went off, then they slipped back into the street and went their own mysterious way. And there had been no sailing of a passenger liner at ten o'clock on that particular morning!

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The find was advertised. Crime records were examined. I was asked to pore over a Rogues' Gallery—both men and women—just in case I could spot a likeness amongst the criminals.

But, no; there was not the slightest clue. And the days slipped past without anything happening.

At last, about a fortnight later, I was asked to go round to the police station. The inspector there said that there was a gentleman who was very anxious to see me. It seemed that his daughter—

nothing was ever divulged to me—ha disappeared.

He was a white-haired old man of th retired colonel type, except that all th fight seemed to have been knocked ou of him. Even the bristles of his mous tache seemed to droop despondently.

He asked me several questions abou the girl in the squirrel fur coat, his voic shaking with emotion. Then, when had described her as best I could, h took a thin package from under his arm carefully undid the brown paper wrap ping, and held out a portrait of a beauti ful girl.

She was the "Prince's" companion I told the old man that it was impossibl to make a mistake. When he was con vinced, he wrapped up the photograph tucked it under an arm, held out hi hand and shook mine.

He murmured something which I too to be his thanks. But I was looking a his eyes all the time and feeling terribl sorry for him. They were heavy wit tears which he was fighting desperatel to hold back.

◪ ◪ ◪

That was the end of it. About a yea later I was given the money. And fro that day I have never looked back.

I don't know who my benefactor wa I never learned who the missing gir was. I hope their romance was a successful as mine has been. Was it a romance? I'm almost certain it was.

I have often wondered how it all ended, but so far my curiosity has re mained unsatisfied. I am afraid it must remain so for ever.

I like to think that my mysterious fares of that momentous night found happiness, for surely theirs was no ordinary elopement.

Who knows what other greater story has yet to be told?

"The Greatest of These—"

Two Tales *that* Tally

John

"MY husband is a farm labourer, earning 30s. a week," states eight-year-old John's mother. "Out of this 9d. has to go for his insurance, and out of the rest I have to feed, clothe and buy firing, etc., for nine of us.

"My children are badly in need of boots and clothes. I've patched and darned till I cannot do much more for them. Also, my husband had to lose four days' work through illness a while back, and only took £1 in wages two weeks running.

"I got 12s. 6d. behind with my bill, and how to make it up I don't know. My girl is thirteen and my six boys range from twelve to six years. They are real good, healthy children—one boy gained a scholarship.

"Oh, Sir, I want nothing for myself, but if only my lads could have a bit of decent footwear and a decent shirt or two. I try and try, but can't seem to put up even a few coppers towards them."

That is the cry of John's mother. His ex-Service dad writes:—

"I have had regular work lately as farm labourer, but the pay only ensures bare necessities in food, and there is nothing left for clothes.

"We rarely have any butcher's meat. I work a little on Sundays for rent, which is a good help. If a day or two is lost through ill-health it takes some getting over. I often have to lose time over attacks of asthma. We are a united family and worry along as cheerful as possible."

The head teacher of the school the kiddies attend says of John's family: "They are one of the nicest and most respected families in the district, and although their hardships with such a large family are very great, they have borne them patiently. They are real genuine parents striving to give their children all they can, often doing without themselves. I know of no two parents who have tried harder and are more genuine in their care of their children. Their need is very great."

Any donations our readers are kind enough to send earmarked "John," or intended for the general fund, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

They will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given.

* * *

Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

The Bedtime Story

BEDTIME is a wonderful hour in any home where there is a child.

Mother may sing a lullaby, for they still do, even in this matter-of-fact age. Father may recite a fairy story until baby eyes are closed and the gates of dreamland open in reality.

Any imaginative child can provide the magical illusion—left alone with a picture-book or a doll.

It was so with a little Lancashire girl who took her doll with her to the bedroom, with a candle by the side of the bed to frighten away those imps that have no place in fairy dreams.

She held the doll aloft. Who knows what sort of fairy godmother it became as she surveyed it? She moved it this way and that, to make the illusion the more effective. It approached the candle, that she might see it and enjoy it the better. And then——

There came a burst of flame from that celluloid head, a dangerous type of toy that may still be sold despite the many children who have lost their lives through the use of them.

Alarmed, she flung it from her, to set the bedclothes alight and begin a fire that brought her parents rushing to her bedside.

It ended in tears for the child, for the dreams that had ended so startlingly; in fears and regrets for the parents, who realised now much worse it might have been, and pondered on the damage they would have to make good out of their slender resources.

But we were able to make that good, thanks to the fact that the little family was protected under JOHN BULL's unique free insurance scheme. They received a cheque for the damage, with the addition of the usual bonus paid to old readers.

It was all because of the simple precaution of filling up and sending to us a form such as appears on page 16 of this issue. Why not follow their good example? Turn to page 16 now. You will see for yourself that it is only the work of a moment.

The MORE he LISTENS the HUNGRIER he Gets

The snap, crackle and pop of Kellogg's Rice Krispies when cold milk or cream is poured on is a sound no child can resist. His eyes widen—for a moment his ears are bigger than his appetite.

Then watch that spoon get busy, for the toasted rice bubbles are simply delicious! They are nourishing, too, and so easy to digest. Serve Kellogg's Rice Krispies often, to the whole family. No cooking necessary. Always oven-fresh in the sealed inner WAXTITE bag.

MOTHER GOOSE STORIES, as told by the Singing Lady—"Mistress Mary" and many others—a complete story on every packet—Ask your grocer.

7½d per packet (Net I.F.S.)

Kellogg's RICE KRISPIES

Made by KELLOGG *in* LONDON, CANADA

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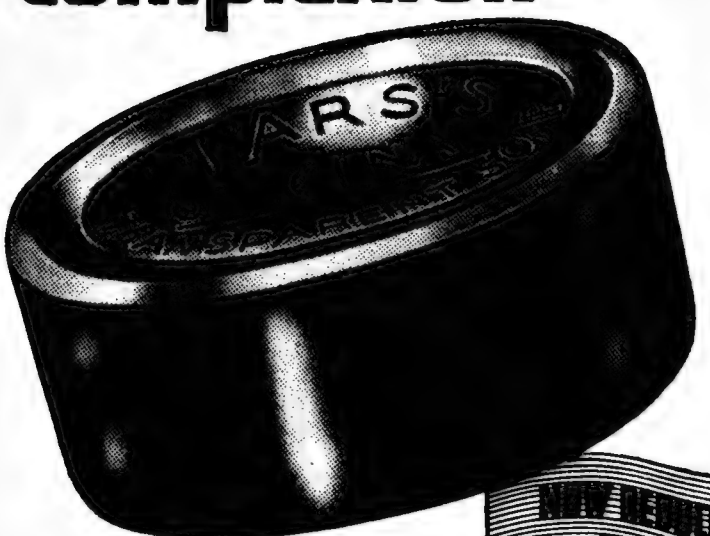
"Matchless for the complexion"



..and this is WHY

Pears Original Transparent is "Matchless for the Complexion" because it has a wonderful tonic action which you can actually *feel* the first time you use the soap—because its smooth lather penetrates deeply and cleanses thoroughly. Because it is a pure soap—so pure that you can see through it, and because every cake is matured for months until it becomes perfectly mild and mellow.

Try Pears Soap for a while. Very soon you will find that your skin feels healthier—invigorated—more free to breathe. You can buy a long-lasting cake of Pears for only 4½d. At that price, because it lasts so long, it is the most economical of all good toilet soaps.

ECONOMY NOTE

There is no waste with Pears Soap. It stays firm till it is worn to wafer thinness. The wafer, moistened, fits snugly into the hollow in a new cake, and becomes part of it.

Pears ORIGINAL TRANSPARENT

TP/20/364

Don't hope for the best — put it in your camera

The pictures you get from your camera will never be better than the films you put into it. So take your choice from the Selo range. The popular two are Selo and Selochrome. Selo for straight-forward snaps and Selochrome—an even faster film—for first-rate pictures on dull days or fine, early or late. Both films are British and the very finest of their kind—made by the world-famous house of ILFORD Limited.

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we dont know — BUT

WE DO KNOW THAT SHARP'S the WORD and SHARP'S the TOFFEE We like best of all

Human Documents probed by Philip Inman

THE BRIDE with a SECRET

Most secrets should be revealed before the bride or groom goes to the altar. Here is one that should be kept, for the happiness of all concerned

WHEN a girl receives a proposal of marriage should she disclose to the young man any unsavoury incidents in her life? Or should the past be a closed book? That is a problem I am asked to solve. It comes from a mother, and it concerns her daughter. Here is the letter:

"Some five years ago my only daughter, who was then twenty years old, obtained an engagement as a cabaret dancer in London. She lived with friends, and for about six months wrote me very happy letters. Sometimes she mentioned a young man whose acquaintance she had made, but she never told me much about him.

"Then she came home for a holiday, and as I saw that she was obviously worried I asked her to tell me the reason. It transpired that this young man had told her he was married, but she was so hopelessly infatuated by him that she lived with him for a week at a seaside town. On their return to London he said that he thought his duty to his wife came first, and they agreed not to see each other again.

"I rebuked her sternly, advised her to forget him and make a new start. Acting on this advice, she went abroad as a governess. Now she has written to say that a young Englishman, a relative of the family with whom she is staying, is very much in love with her and keeps asking her to become engaged. My daughter has asked me if she is not bound in honour to tell him about the other man.

"At the same time, she says that she feels the knowledge might spoil his life because he has tremendously high ideas about women. What should I advise her? I may add there is not the slightest possibility of the true facts ever being revealed by anyone else."

I HAVE always held that the fewer secrets kept from either a husband or a wife the better. A happy home life is built upon the foundations of trust and confidence, and those cannot exist if one is hiding something from the other. But this particular incident happened a long time ago, before the girl met or even knew of the existence of this man.

If she tells him about it now, what will be the result? It will probably destroy the good opinion he has of her, and that in turn will cause him pain and sorrow. What is more, it might lead to the erection of a permanent barrier between them all through their married life.

I would remind this mother of the advice she originally gave her daughter. She urged her to "forget and make a new start." If this girl is now told to reveal her past, that is neither allowing her to forget nor to start afresh.

There are times when it is wise to "let the dead past bury its dead." I think this is one of them. My advice might be different if other people knew of the episode and, for mischief's sake, were likely to make it known to the man. But I am told there is no possibility of that happening.

Now, in saying all these things I have assumed that the girl herself is able to forget. There are some people whose conscience will not let them rest. An episode of this kind haunts them by night and by day.

It is difficult to alter anybody's temperament, and if this girl is one of that type it is no use her going through life carrying a heavy burden of this sort.

It would only undermine her own happiness until she became a mental and a physical wreck. In that event, the best thing would be to explain as simply as possible just what had happened and trust that the man's love for her would enable him to blot it out completely.

The girl in my second letter is also hiding a secret. But in this case it is of a different character. Let me give the story in her own words:

"For nearly two years I have been engaged to be married and our wedding is to take place in three months' time. My fiancé is a straightforward, reliable young man of twenty-seven and four years my senior. I know that he is very much in love with me, and I am fond of him, but we have very little in common and the thought that our marriage may not be a success is troubling me greatly. When I look back I wonder if I have played the game.

"Five years ago I was friendly with my fiancé's elder brother, and I grew to love him very dearly, but I dared not show my feelings, as he considered himself a confirmed bachelor, and we had agreed simply to be pals. Then he took up a position abroad, and I met his brother.

"Some months later he proposed to me and I accepted him, and as we made our plans for the future I began to feel happier. But now my prospective brother-in-law has come home again, and every time I see him I go all to pieces—I am just hopelessly in love with him. I am sure, too, that he is in love with me, but he is too straight to let his brother down.

"I have tried to break my engagement, but my boy was terribly upset, and when he asked for the reason I could not bring myself to tell him. After a long talk together I decided to marry him and do my best to make him happy. But am I right in doing so when my love is given to somebody else?"

NOW this girl asks for my opinion, and here it is: Frankly, I do not think she has played the game. Nor do I consider she is doing so now. If she persists in her present intention, she will marry one man when all the time she loves another. How could she be happy under those conditions?

This girl has acted very unwisely up to now. But there is still time for her to avoid far greater trouble. Many a tragedy has resulted when affections have changed after marriage. It is a thousand times worse to marry when there is no affection at all.

My correspondent should refuse quite definitely to allow the engagement to continue any longer. It may be painful for her fiancé, but when he gets over his disappointment he may find someone else who will give him the love that is his right. Then when this girl is free it is open to that brother to make known to her his feelings. If her belief is right—that he loves her as much as she loves him—there should be a happy future.

It is surprising how easily people can become involved in the affairs of other folk. And what difficulties can arise as a result. My next letter comes from a woman who tells me that she "does not know what to do for the best." It appears that her friend married a man in a much better financial position than herself. The letter goes on:

"But she soon discovered that he was a chronic gambler. The result is that he has lost all his money and is now dependent upon public assistance. A year and a half ago my friend took a post as housekeeper, and since that time she has only been home for an occasional week.

"Her husband does not seem to mind her being away as long as she sends him a few shillings a week. A short while ago she invited me down to see her for a week-end, and to my surprise and disgust I found that she was living with a lad of twenty-one, which is exactly nineteen years younger than she is.

"I DID my best to get her to break off this association, but she would not listen to me. Since I came back I have had a letter from her husband saying that he has heard rumours about his wife's conduct and has written to ask me if they are true. If I tell him the truth I don't know what may happen.

"On the other hand, if I lie to shield my friend he will be quite justified in accusing me of encouraging her. The trouble is worrying me dreadfully, and I wonder if you can help me out."

I cannot compliment my correspondent on her friends. Neither the husband nor the wife is anything to write home about.

If I were my correspondent I would have as little as possible to do with both of them. She has done her best to induce her friend to give up this kind of life. More than that she cannot do. But what answer is she to send to that letter from the husband? It should be on these lines:

"I am surprised to receive your communication, and I cannot possibly be drawn into any questions between husband and wife. You should ask the people who have spread the rumours for proof of what they are saying. Failing that, you should address your questions to your wife and certainly not to any of her friends."

Then, whatever may result from the man's interrogatories, the disclosure of her friend's foolishness will not lie at the door of my correspondent.

Send your private problems to "Human Interest," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.

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"I HAD MADE UP MY MIND TO GO ON THE STAGE EVEN BEFORE I LEFT SCHOOL, SO YOU CAN GUESS I'VE ALWAYS LOOKED AFTER MY SKIN PRETTY CAREFULLY"

"I'm glad of the chance to tell you this" *says Victoria Hopper*

"BUT IT WAS THE FILM STUDIOS THAT TAUGHT ME THE MARVELLOUS METHOD OF SKIN CARE I WANT TO TELL YOU ABOUT. IT'S THE SIMPLEST, MOST INEXPENSIVE IN THE WORLD. YET YOU'LL FIND NEARLY ALL THE STARS RELY ON IT"

"HERE IT IS. JUST FAITHFUL USE OF LUX TOILET SOAP—THAT'S ALL. IT KEEPS MY SKIN JUST AS I WANT IT—ALWAYS SMOOTH, CLEAR AND SOFT. YOU TRY IT. IT REALLY IS MARVELLOUS"
LUX
LUX TOILET SOAP

VICTORIA HOPPER, the lovely British star in "Lorna Doone," knows how all-important it is to keep skin clear and smooth. Here is the amazing story telling why her simple beauty care can help you too :

A new skin for you in 6 weeks

Your skin is constantly changing, skin specialists say. Tiny cells are always flaking off from the surface. Within 6 weeks your present surface skin will have disappeared entirely and new skin, now forming beneath, will be revealed in its place. Film stars know that the whole secret of loveliness is to keep this new skin soft and smooth as it comes to the surface.

This is just what Lux Toilet Soap does. It has a special quick-lathering action that penetrates through the surface skin, cleansing away every speck of dirt and stale cosmetics. It keeps the new growing skin soft, smooth and lovely.

846 out of the 857 leading stars use Lux Toilet Soap. Try it yourself — for six weeks. See how lovely your new surface skin can be if you keep it soft and smooth *now, while it is growing.* Lux Toilet Soap is obtainable everywhere.

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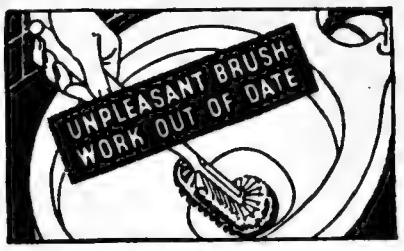
A *LEVER* PRODUCT

This price applies to Great Britain and Northern Ireland only

Do friends feel like this about *YOUR* lavatory?

Will friends criticise your lavatory and think you "careless?" They won't if you use Harpic. There's no need for unpleasant brushing — just sprinkle Harpic, and your lavatory-pan will be spotlessly white, fresh and sanitary. Free from all germs and odours. And Harpic does more — it sweeps right round the bend in the pipe where the brush cannot reach. The best time to use Harpic is last thing at night, when it can work undisturbed for several hours. Don't keep dangerous acids in the house — use Harpic. In NEW EASY-FLOW TIN. Prices 6d., 1/- and 1/9.



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Extract from a mother's letter.

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Cartons 6d.
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6/- NOW

Supplied Maroon, Red, Blue or Black as desired.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

How they *Dressed Up* London

DOWN in Bishopsgate, just where the City of London begins to drop its black-coated respectability and becomes the East End of London, there stands a shop with a frontage about as large as the average grocer's shop in a small suburb.

Its appearance is as unpretentious as its frontage. Dull would be the word. Its windows are a jumble of garden hardware, coils of lanyard, tents and bunting. The doorway is a litter of entrenching tools, Boy Scout axes and other camping apparatus. Jammed in between other buildings as small and simple, you would quite likely pass it by without a second glance.

But the small shop is Piggott and Son, the firm that has dressed up London for the Jubilee. And not only London, but Brighton and Bognor Regis and Belfast —and more cities still if there had been the time and the materials to cope with the contracts.

Oldest in the City

Piggott's is, with the exception of a chop-house or two and a bare handful of other businesses, the oldest trading house in the City of London. It has stood there in Bishopsgate since 1780, ever since the first Piggott came home from the American wars and, instead of taking a pension, accepted the concession of supplying the British Army of the day with flags and equipment.

That was how the firm began. England lost America, but Mr. Piggott got a business that has been carried on to the present day.

From supplying tall frigates with sails and signal bunting, and regiments of foot with colours, tents, and pennants, the first Piggott progressed to decking cities in "glad rags." He began with a Lord Mayor's Show, and the firm has dressed the City for the Show almost ever since.

Whatever the occasion for a city to go gay, such as a charter or a provincial shopping week, it is roughly seven to one that Piggott's experts are called into consultation. All the world knows the firm.

Even Paris, which thinks it knows something about festal array, has come to the little shop in Bishopsgate.

Piggott's has dressed the Avenue de la Opéra on a great occasion. It has dressed Buenos Aires. And in between it has rigged out parish halls with bunting for the local flower shows. It is all the same to the firm.

But decorating London for King George's Jubilee has been the biggest job that the firm has ever tackled—bar none. And the most worrying.

50,000 flags

Piggott's order was to dress the whole of the City of Westminster (which includes the West End), excepting only Oxford Street and Tottenham Court Road, and also the City of London. Thus its territory covered the whole route of the Royal Procession.

In addition, it had to dress the Boroughs of Kensington and Lambeth and great commercial thoroughfares on the fringes of the City, like Houndsditch. Altogether its order included almost the entire decoration of the London that the citizens and visitors to the Jubilee have seen.

Just one of the many great London thoroughfares gaily bedecked for the Jubilee

Preparations actually began when Piggott's finished the dressing of Bond Street for the wedding of Princess Marina and the Duke of Kent last November. From that moment its organisation sped into high gear for the enormous task of the Jubilee.

As a fixed rule, the firm keeps in stock about 50,000 flags and thousands of pennants, shields and other decorations—enough to dress three large towns. But it was evident from the begining that this huge stock would be a mere drop in a bucket compared with the volume of fal-lals needed. So its 100 flag-making machines started work and kept turning until February, when they had used up every scrap of coloured bunting which could be begged, borrowed or bought.

Bought all

Still the output was not enough. Other towns had awakened to the fact that there was a Jubilee impending and that they wanted to dress up. They came into the market and bought up everything they could lay their hands upon. ***By February there was not a flag to be had in London, the big provincial makers had also sold out and there was no more coloured bunting left to make flags.***

So Piggott's sent emissaries abroad to Paris, Brussels and Berlin with orders to buy up everything they could lay their hands upon. The firm spent scores of pounds in aeroplane fares—***and its buyers returned empty-handed. All Europe was sold out of flags for Britain's Jubilee.***

Then there were the huge garlanded poles which you see lining the London Streets.

Thousands were needed. They had to be 40 feet high, perfectly straight and of a limited diameter and weight so as to fit in the pole-traps which are built into the pavement every few yards throughout the City of Westminster.

They also had to be on hand early, so that they could be machine wound with spirals of coloured material and drilled to take halyards for the floral garlands.

Foreign help

There was nothing like enough of these poles grown or stored in this country, so Piggott's got busy again with cables and Continental telephone and scoured Europe with their buyers. They bought in France, Germany, Poland, Norway and Czechoslovakia, so all those countries had a share in Britain's Jubilee business.

The reason why British or Empire poles were not used is, according to the firm, twofold. First, Canada, for instance, could not supply on time, and second, these poles were much more expensive.

While all this hectic rush for timber and flags was on, a thousand employees were busy in other directions. Making the floral garlands, for example, was a complicated and difficult job. A special kind of coloured glazed paper was needed and enough of it was wanted to make 60 miles of the complete bulky garland. The amount of paper used on this job alone would stretch from London to the Orkneys.

Then 45 miles of special cable had to be obtained and fitted in Westminster, and over 30,000 lamps. Stands along the line of route and huge offices buildings by the score also had to be dressed up with miles of coloured burlap and bunting.

Regretfully the firm had to turn down dozens of orders from late-coming towns and communities for sheer lack of materials.

In a way, the Jubilee caught many places unprepared, and Piggott's, for with its century and a half of experience, and organisation for putting a smile on the face of cities and nations, was up against something with which it was unable to cope completely. But what an order! To dress up London!

There is one specially interesting point about this enormous task. A great deal of the preparations and expenditure on which the firm embarked for the Jubilee was a huge gamble!

They risk it!

If, owing to the death of any member of the Royal Family the Jubilee festivities had had to be postponed or curtailed, Piggott's would have lost very heavily. Four months ago they tried to insure against this for £50,000. But Lloyds wanted 50 per cent. So rather than pay a premium of £25,000, the firm took the risk itself.

There is one other firm which has borne its share in dressing up London, but its work is mostly concealed. Nevertheless, it is a miracle, too, of organisation and skill. Those stands on which thousands of people sat in safety to see the processions go by were usually built of that modern marvel, tubular steel, and were put up, for the most part, by the London and Midland Steel Scaffolding Company, a firm that has played a world part in developing the use of this delicate but incredibly strong support.

It is a cobwebby tracery of their steel tubes which suports the gigantic Jubilee statue of Britannia above Selfridges in Oxford Street—70 tons of it, puts a wind load of 20 tons, supported safely and safely 30 feet above the roof level—the centre piece, almost, of the Jubilee pageant, and the most spectacular achievement of those who have played their part in dressing up London.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF "DEBUNKING"

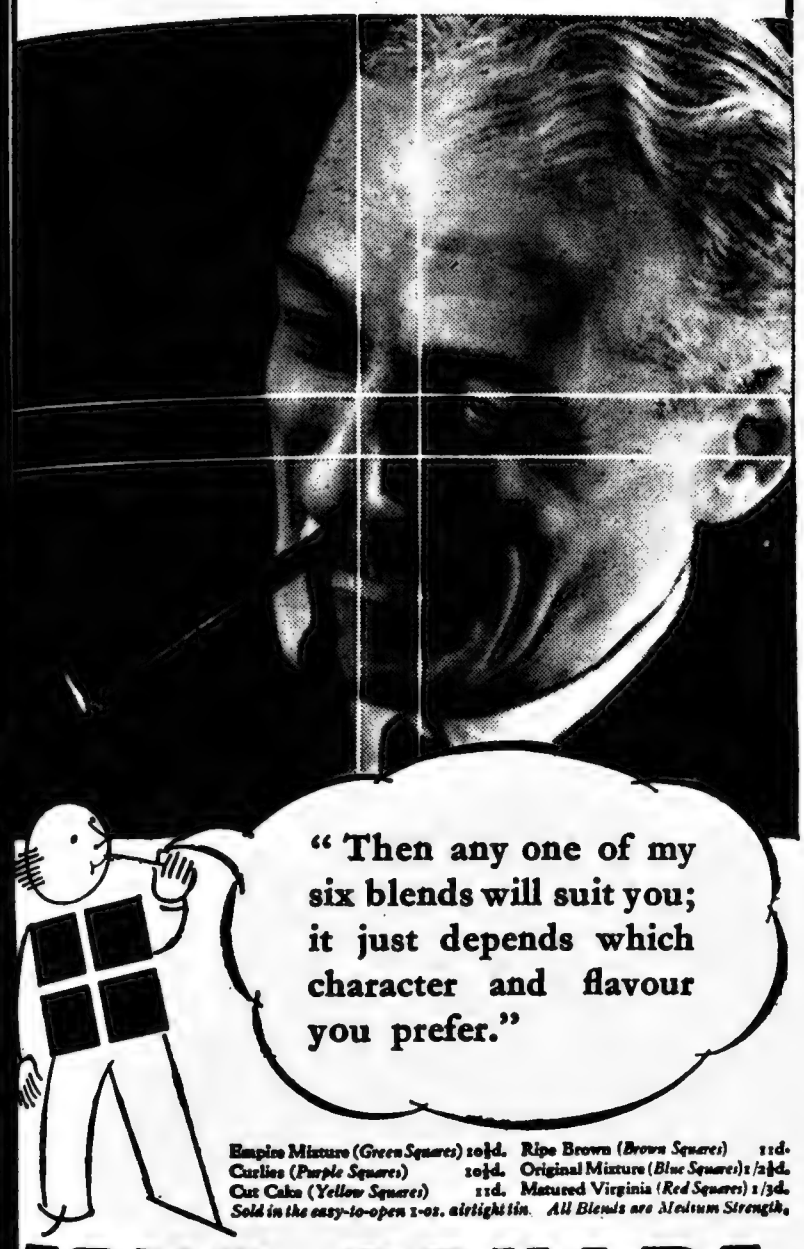
"King George's reign, when they write down its history, will be thought of as a debunking age. All the old idols were discovered to have feet of clay. Reverence disappeared. Age and dignity meant nothing any longer."

You may or may not agree with all he says, but you will read Hannen Swaffer's Jubilee-time summing-up of the Reign with fascinated interest.

He strips the years—he even debunks some of the debunkers. From his own incomparable knowledge of men and affairs, secret history and forgotten incident he draws upon fact after fact with almost uncanny fluency.

To be thrilled, to be intrigued, perhaps to be a little shocked, you must read Swaffer in *The Passing Show.* On sale Friday, twopence

I smoke a GOOD medium-strength tobacco



"Then any one of my six blends will suit you; it just depends which character and flavour you prefer."

Empire Mixture (*Green Squares*) 10½d. Ripe Brown (*Brown Squares*) 11d.
Curlies (*Purple Squares*) 10½d. Original Mixture (*Blue Squares*) 1/2½d.
Cut Cake (*Yellow Squares*) 11d. Matured Virginia (*Red Squares*) 1/3d.
Sold in the easy-to-open 1-oz. airtight tin. All Blends are Medium Strength.

FOUR SQUARE

Quality Tobaccos

GEORGE DOBIE & SON, LTD. (*Manufacturers of Quality Tobaccos since 1809*) PAISLEY, *Scotland.*

FREE TO FAIR HAIRED LADIES

Every lady with fair hair is to-day invited to send for entirely Free Samples of the following :—

HARLENE CAMOMILE GOLDEN HAIR WASH

is a dainty preparation which doubles and trebles the beauty of fair hair and gives it that glorious light-gold sunshine touch. Unbelievably fascinating and beautiful. Just the thing for hair that has become dull and lost its glow. From all chemists and stores, price 1/3, 3/- and 5/- per bottle.

HARLENE CAMOMILE SHAMPOO

is the perfect shampoo for maintaining and preserving the beauty of fair hair. It is a tremendous boon to Fair Haired ladies which will enable them, one and all, to possess more glorious hair beauty than ever. Not only is the shampoo super-cleansing in its power, but it preserves that NATURAL sheen and Shine which is the essence of Fair Haired Beauty. Price 1/6 per box of 7 Shampoos (Single Sachets 3d. each).

SEND 3d. STAMPS FOR POST AND PACKING FOR YOUR TWO FREE SAMPLES TO—

EDWARDS HARLENE LTD.
(Dept. 88), 20/26, LAMB'S CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.C.1.
(Stamp your envelope with 1½d. stamp.)

This offer does not apply to Irish Free State.

RATIONAL TAILORING

Smart—isn't it?

SHE: Smart? It's the nicest suit you've ever had. Suits you too.

HE: Then you do agree it was worth all that money?

SHE: You haven't told me how much it cost. But it's worth every penny of it, whatever the price. Of course it is.

HE: Then you won't say I'm extravagant?

SHE: Why all the mystery? Naturally a suit like that costs a good deal—you can see that from the way it fits, and the cloth, and—well it *is* good and you look grand in it.

HE: Would you say 6 guineas was extravagant?

SHE: Oh!

HE: Don't look so glum! I was only teasing. Fifty shillings is what I paid.

SHE: Never! Why, that's *cheap*, you clever old thing!

HE: Well, I *am* a bit proud of myself. They're a discovery—these Fifty Shilling Tailors. They really do deliver the goods. I never dreamt they could do it for the money. But several of our fellows go to them regularly, and from now on I'm going to them, too. The saving—especially over a few years—is enormous.

THE FIFTY SHILLING TAILORS

For Patterns write to :—

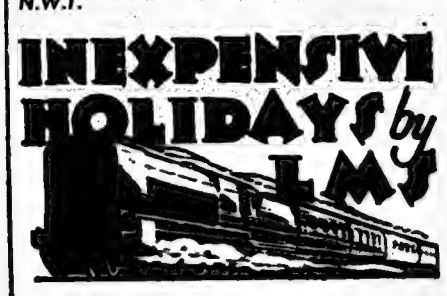
110-111, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2. 42-4, OLDHAM ST., MANCHESTER
84-5, HIGH ST., BIRMINGHAM 21-7, ARGYLE ST., GLASGOW

OVER 250 DEPOTS IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES AND TOWNS

Proprietors: Prices Tailors Limited

Buy a *complete* holiday from the L M S—there's no other way of getting such good value for your money. An L M S "Inexpensive Holiday" includes board and accommodation at a boarding house or hotel (as you like) and a number of really good outings by road and rail and, in some cases, steamer —*all in the one charge*.

L M S "Inexpensive Holidays" are for a week or a fortnight. Ask for the full list at any L M S Station or Office or write to the *Chief Commercial Manager, London Midland & Scottish Railway, Euston House, London, N.W.1.*



SOUR STOMACH

—Not Just Unpleasant but Positively DANGEROUS!

When retained too long in the stomach, food turns "sour," producing gases and acids. These attack the stomach-lining, and cause overstretching, so that your stomach cannot contract and expel all the food. Indigestion, Headaches, Rheumatism, Liverishness and Constipation are all symptoms. Take Beechams Pills, the recognised remedy for three generations. In a few days you will feel better in every way, and eating will be a pleasure once more.

FOR ALL STOMACH TROUBLES
TAKE
Beechams PILLS
Worth A Guinea A Box

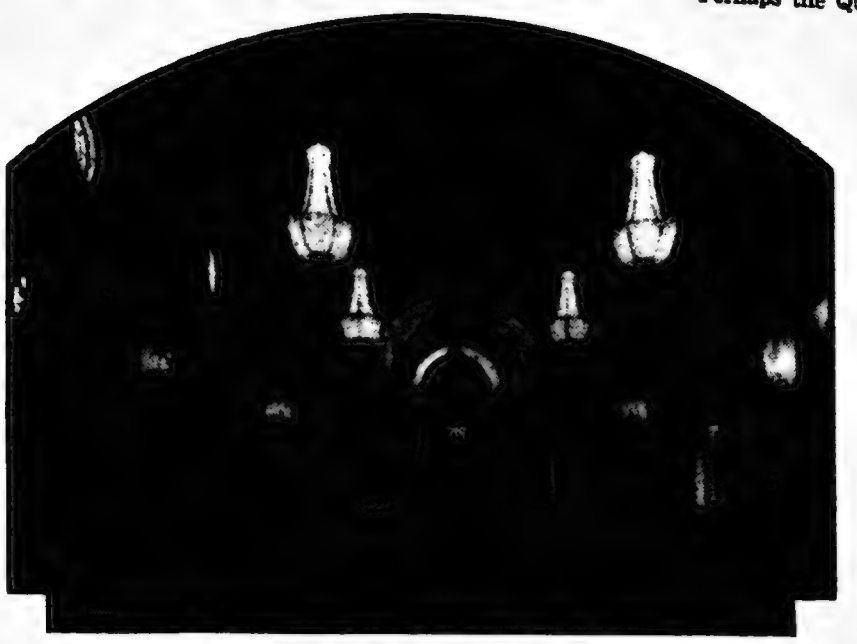
STATE BALL . .

PICTURE the most stately room in all Britain. People it with a thousand of the most beautiful women and another thousand of the most dignified men to be found in the whole realm.

Bestrew over the costly dresses of the women the most famous jewels in the land—jewels so rare and prized that they seldom see the light of day more than once or twice a year. Then, as if to compensate them for the months of darkness they have endured, set them flashing and blazing in the light of the magnificent crystal chandeliers they reflect ten thousandfold. . . .

It is a State Ball at Buckingham Palace, all set for the great moment of the evening—the entrance of their Majesties the King and Queen.

For the first time since 1924 there will be such a Ball on May 24, to be followed by a second next month—both in connection with the Jubilee.



The beautiful ballroom at Buckingham Palace will once more be the scene of splendour on May 24, when the first State Ball since 1924 will be held

Impressive entrance

What a magnificent Royal entrance the guests will see at both of them! State splendour, even of the pre-war vintage, knows nothing more brilliant.

An impressive arched doorway opens and in a second the gorgeous uniforms of the men and the rustle of the brocades and silks of their womenfolk become still.

A chord crashes out high up in the minstrels' gallery—and there, beneath the exquisite entrance arch, appear the King and Queen.

The King is a clean-cut and soldierly figure in officer's uniform. The Queen wears with the pride that few can show as well as she the British dress that she knows can challenge Paris. And both of them are preceded, according to ancient custom, by Gold-Stick-in-Waiting and his three attendant White Staves, walking backwards before them and stopping now and then to bow with their ceremonial staves in their hands.

Then, after a set dance for members of the Royal Family and their partners only, and which usually consists of two figures of the quadrille, the Ball opens.

There is Strauss . . . an old-time waltz . . . more Strauss . . . more old-time dances . . . gay chatter . . . whispered sittings-out in rooms rarely opened to visitors . . . and, surprise of surprises, an occasional modern dance only because the Prince of Wales has proved beyond doubt that the enjoyment of the younger guests demands it!

Faux pas

State Ball! What a magic there is in the name. And no wonder, seeing that an invitation confers some sort of distinction that not even the Courts can give.

How some of the leading lights of Society wish they were held every year, as they used to be before the war. And what reminiscences some of the old-timers have regarding them.

There was that famous State Ball held in 1911 in honour of the Kaiser.

Although they didn't know it, a Countess and Baroness were being watched by their friends on that occasion, in case words arose in continuance of a dispute that began at the Coronation, when the Baroness accidentally sat in a seat reserved for the other woman.

Then there was the occasion when President Poincaré was the guest of honour in 1913.

The President was invited to take part in the Royal quadrille that opens the Ball—as if he were himself a Royalty. But, blushing crimson, he started to explain that he couldn't dance a step.

The scene that followed, with the President protesting more and more vehemently that he simply wouldn't dare, and the members of our Royal Family growing more and more determined to make him, was one of the most homely touches ever seen at such a function, especially as it followed so closely on the magnificent Royal entrance.

An outburst

It deserves a mention that the President won.

It was the Prince Consort who had the wonderful ballroom of Buckingham Palace built, and who therefore, in effect, inaugurated the State Ball as it is understood to-day. He spent £300,000 on that room—and yet he was a homely man with something of a contempt for mighty social functions.

It was during his life that a certain number of people actually refused invitations to be present, believing the stupid rumours that he had done his best to hinder Britain in the Crimean campaign, and which was one of the things that prompted Queen Victoria to cry out, as she stood over his dead body: "Will they do justice to him now?"

It was at one of these early State Balls that someone tried to entice Queen Victoria to allow the Beefeaters to go to Cowes to greet the Kaiser.

"The Queen says she is damned if the Beefeaters leave London" was the Royal decision as announced by Sir Henry Ponsonby.

At another such function Lord Melbourne expressed to Queen Victoria his regret that the innocent parties to divorce suits should be debarred from attendance, which drew from the Queen the now-famous remark: "If they go to the Divorce Court they can't come to mine."

Queen Victoria lost interest in State functions such as these after the death of her Consort. Perhaps King Edward found more joy in them than any other member of the Royal Family.

The attitude of our present Roy Family is that some should be held, bo to preserve tradition and provide d hospitality to famous visitors, but th there should be no unnecessary ostent tion in such times as these.

Incidentally nothing pleases Que Mary more at a Ball than a fine displ of fans. She is one of the fast-dimin ing number of women who know how use one. She has the second best c lection in the Kingdom, and takes a ke interest in the few old craftsmen w still practise their ancient art.

Perhaps the Queen's attitude towa such dances is b illustrated by an e perience of Prince Mary. She rush away from a Sta Ball to do her turn night nursing in hospital, and at later date ca straight from her j of washing babies attend an ordina Buckingham Pala dance.

No one can belie that she went either because s liked such functio In fact, she would rather be in t saddle.

The Prince of Wa alone really enj dancing. And a p he likes to play at State Ball is to f partners among t pretty wallflowers, a only because it he the functions to with a swing, but cause he thinks th is greater equity it.

And so girls who have begun to thi that nobody wants them go home tre ing on air—hated by many of th womenfolk whom the Prince did not a because he thought they were w enough provided with partners alread

Nothing, apart from a Coronati tempts more jewellery out of its hidi places than a State Ball. And yet the has never been an instance of any o piece being stolen at such a function.

Little hope!

On one occasion a necklace of fabulo value was reported as los.—but it w found eventually in the wearer's o clothing.

For one thing, the list of guests i vited is submitted to such a kee scrutiny, first by the Lord Chamberla and afterwards by the Queen.

The vigilance of the C.I.D. men amo the guests is such that any would-b thief would find his task very difficult.

Dressed as guests, although obeyi the service instructions to be as retiri as possible without being noticeably r tiring, they would just as quickly mi a jewel from a crowded room as a colou would miss a soldier from a para ground.

An epidemic of thefts in Society, so years ago, was traced to a well-know woman who often attended State Ball But nothing was ever missed at a Buckingham Palace function which s attended.

Once a well-known Indian visit missed his very costly jewellery after h had left the Palace. It is quite possib that the thief was somebody who hop to pull off his coup during the Sta function, but found that he never g the chance.

No, the 2,000 lucky people fortuna enough to get tickets for each of th forthcoming State Balls will know th their finest jewels will be quite sa there, and so they will wear them.

So they will give the last finishin touch of radiance to one of the mo imposing functions that remains in th drab old world.

(Continued from A

A Crossword Season Ticket con contest will also be sent to ever two 6d. coupons in the same Surprise Awards were won by solutions containing two errors.

CROSSWORD No. 361.—As the Mr. J. K. Best 45, competitors now share the Ministry of Finance, Stormont, Belfast, and Mr. Kenneth of winners, each of whom has receives in addition a £2 4s. 8d. share of the Radiolympia Show.

"John Bull's" Colossal Jubilee Reward appears on Page

Make up your mind to enter NOW for the huge prize of £5,500, monthly for Life and £1,000, or lump sum of £5,500. cash must be won by runners up.

Plenty of Shaving Creams will satisfy you on *one* score...

but only PALMOLIVE *scores every time!*

Palmolive scores on a quick lather *and* a long-lasting lather. It scores by its *olive oil content* being particularly kind to tender skins. It scores on softening because its *small-bubble* lather is exceptionally good with tough beards. And it scores on richness because its lather *multiplies itself* 250 *times!*

TOP MILL MENTHOL SNUFF

The secret in the making of Top Mill Snuff is its success in getting rid of a cold. It has zest, punch and a quaintly pleasant flavour with it too.

J. & H. WILSON LTD SHEFFIELD

BABY DAYS

THE LITTLE RED BOOK MAKES THEM SAFE

Such wonderful days—baby days! Don't let them be spoilt by worrying fretfulness, by the little ailments that take the sunshine from baby's smile and cause mother so much anxiety.

There is a little book (brought up to date last year) which has stood by three generations of mothers, guiding and helping them over baby's ailments and telling what to do while awaiting the doctor if there should be an accident or a serious illness.

It is the little red book, "Hints to Mothers"—famous all over the world. Small enough to tuck into baby's basket and arranged alphabetically for easy reference. Issued by the makers of Steedman's Powders, the finest aperient for little ones from teething time to fourteen years. Safe and gentle, Steedman's induce a healthy regularity and keep the blood stream clean and cool.

Look for the double EE on the wrapper to be sure you get the genuine Steedman's, obtainable everywhere at three-halfpence each.

And write for a free copy of "Hints to Mothers," post free if you mention "John Bull," from John Steedman & Co., 270, Walworth Road, London, S.E.17.

The people who eat plenty of BREAD are the people with plenty of *energy*

At work, at home, at play—you're always using up your energy. Be sure you replace it with BREAD which *creates* energy—quickly.

Eat BREAD *for Energy and Vitality*

★ "Bread has a very high nutritive value and is one of the best and cheapest foods that money can buy."

From "*The Science and Practice of Bread-Making*" by Dr. D. W. Kent-Jones.

C.F.H.17

NEARLY MAD WITH STOMACH PAIN

STOPPED IN A MINUTE OR TWO

MANY men and women suffer the torture of stomach trouble quite needlessly. The question of the correct remedy for quick relief will never be in doubt if you read the following letter from Mr. Tom Grist of Worsboro Dale, near Barnsley, Yorks, who got instant relief from his first dose!

"This morning I was nearly mad with stomach pain; I took a dose of 'Bisurated' Magnesia and it was wonderful how the pain left me. I am not afraid to eat anything, because a dose puts me right in a minute or two."

'Bisurated' Magnesia gives you relief from stomach pain in a few minutes, because it contains special ingredients which recent medical research and X-ray experiments prove to be the quickest and most effective known to medical science. To be certain of ending the misery of indigestion, gastritis, dyspepsia, wind, etc., you must *insist* on 'BISURATED' MAGNESIA which is obtainable from any chemist at 1/3. Get a bottle to-day and you too will be able to end your stomach trouble in a few minutes. Don't be put off; you *must* have 'Bisurated' Magnesia.

Edgware Man's

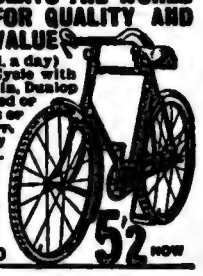
TWO "BEAUTIFUL" CORNS

"My job entailing considerable walking, I developed a couple of "beautiful" corns—it was real agony to move about. On Saturday I bought a bottle of Freezone.... the next Friday both corns came right out. I'm glad to see the back of them.... a very remarkable preparation."

(signed) J. Y., Edgware.

If 'Freezone' so easily banishes corns, why put up with yours? All chemists sell 'Freezone' brand Corn Remover at 1/3d. Satisfaction *guaranteed*, or money refunded.

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE



5/2 per month (less than 2½d. a day) buys the Graves "FLIGHT" Cycle with Dunlop Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chromium Plate, Raised or Dropped Handlebars. Lady's or Gent's with Accessories, Carr. Paid £3:17:6 or 5/2 monthly. No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey-Archer 3-Speed £4:17:6 or 6/6 monthly. Catalogue Free. Ladies', Gent's, Juveniles', and Tradesmen's Cycles, Tandems, Roadsters, Racers, Club Models.

J. S. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

SPEEDILY CLEANS OVENS

BIG TIN 1/
SCO
SCO's so quick—a powder you just add water to—and it cleans every little bit of the oven—grids, burners, shelves, everything! No unpleasant smell—no fuss—just "Goodbye grease!" Big-value tin costs 1/-. To obtain generous Free Sample, send your name and address on a postcard, together with that of your usual retailer.
Address:—
SAFE
NO SMELL

SCO, 186, Smedley Street, London, S.W.8.

CLEANS GRIDS BURNERS SHELVES & ALL

Telegram, Sir!

Bearer of good news as well as bad, the telegram brings royal congratulations to diamond jubilee wedding couples

THE sixpenny telegram will be reintroduced on the thirty-first of May. . . .

Behind this bare announcement—the "Jubilee gesture" of the Postmaster-General—lurks the romance of a century . . . the development of the telegram from the days when it was irreverently named the "orange shocker" or the "winged messenger of death" to the present indispensable part it plays in the lives of millions all over the world.

For a hundred years pulses have quickened at the mere sight of a telegram. To millions of homes it brings a flicker of hope or apprehension.

What a story it could tell of romance and tragedy from one end of the globe to the other; of hopes fulfilled—or crushed.

The whole pageant of history and the progress of nations is contained within that little envelope.

Yet when Morse first attempted to sell his first system—soon adopted throughout Europe, the United States turned it down!

It was in 1838 that Morse applied for a patent for his invention. He demonstrated it before the President of the United States and his Cabinet at a special meeting. The outcome was the raising of a sum of thirty thousand dollars, by a special Bill, to test its practicability.

An experimental line was run the following year between Washington and Baltimore—a distance of forty miles—and it was at once realised that the invention would be of great value to the State.

Nevertheless, on Morse offering it to the Government for a hundred thousand dollars it was refused on the grounds that it was "uncertain that the revenues could be made equal to its expenditures"!

..*the* HUNDRED YEARS' THRILL

Great events

Morse, however, managed to find some private capital and formed a company, and within a very short time Europe as well as America had adopted his system. From that date the telegram was established.

"I will put a girdle about the earth in forty minutes," Shakespeare prophesied in his "Midsummer Night's Dream," and nearly three hundred years later the seemingly impossible had become prosaic fact!

The sixpenny telegram in this country again, after twenty years, years filled with epoch-making events.

1914—The World War. An historic telegram announced the fact to the dazed world. August the fourth—a Bank Holiday, yet one of the most notable days in the history of telegrams. Although a public holiday, 248,000 were handled by the Central Telegraph Office; whilst on the following day a further 265,000 were transmitted.

A glance at the Post Office records reads like a page of history.

1908—the Coronation of King George the Fifth. 200,000 telegrams were despatched.

All covered

1911 . . . On August the 18th, 19th and 20th—the momentous days of the railway strike and its settlement—nearly half a million telegrams were handled; while the L.C.C. elections of 1913 inspired a quarter of a million people to telegraph the news to their friends.

The Morocco crisis of 1911 and the subsequent statement by our Foreign Secretary (then Sir Edward Grey) provoked no less than 10,800 pages of Press telegrams; whilst on July 27—a few days before the outbreak of the Great War—only a hundred less pages were dealt with.

There is no incident of historical interest during the last twenty-five years of King George's reign that the telegram has not recorded.

The birth and death of Royalty, wars, strikes, plagues—all the million and one events in the life of a nation—the telegraph knows them all. During the world Exhibition at Wembley a telegram was despatched round the world to every country.

To-day there is hardly a spot on the globe, no matter how remote, to which it is impossible to send a telegram—the high seas, mountain fastnesses, seemingly impenetrable jungle in India, Africa, Brazil, the Australian Bush, all have been conquered.

The message is telegraphed to the nearest available station and then conveyed further on its way by car, bicycle or oxen-drawn carts. Finally it is handed over to the native runners who undertake the arduous part of the journey—where a thorough knowledge of the locality is essential.

Your message in such cases may take weeks or months, but it is practically certain to get there—helped on some times by that mysterious "Bush telegraph" of Africa—the tom-tom.

There are many recorded cases travellers in the jungle being lost miles from civilisation by native "telegraph boys."

People remember bad news longer than good. That is the explanation for what is really a superstition—that the telegram is the bringer of evil tidings.

A recent census proved that, in fact less than 2 per cent. of all telegrams delivered contain bad news. Almost per cent. are concerned solely with general business, whilst appointments and social engagements account for another 40 per cent.

The remainder is made up of congratulations to fathers of triplets (these come under the heading of good news), birthday greetings, and, of course, "hot flutters" by optimistic punters.

Elder brother to that precocious infant the telephone, the telegram has naturally suffered from the development of the latter. From an average of 79,000,000 telegrams sent in 1897, it has now fallen to nearly half that number.

Yet the telegram is still an essential part of our civilisation. In the detection of crime and the furtherance of justice it has proved invaluable. Between England and France finger-prints and photographs are regularly interchanged telegraphically. A criminal may manage to escape from England to France only to find that everything about him, including his appearance and peculiarities, has preceded him—telegraphically.

Boon to lovers

To banks and business houses it has become a moneymaker and an invaluable time-saver. Signatures and samples cheques are exchanged by telegraph. Paris dress designers wire their latest models in detail to England so that they can be copied without delay.

To lovers the telegram has proved a boon. No distance is too great to bridge by telegram. The "Lovegram" is responsible for a regular annual revenue to the Post Office. Rich Americans are particularly susceptible to its appeal, some of them having been known to spend as much as fifty pounds a day declaring their eternal devotion.

The telegram has one advantage that alone makes it indispensable. It provides a written record of business and other important transactions.

To-day, in co-operation with the telephone—instead of in competition—the telegram has strengthened its position in public life. The charge of sixpence will help it still more to consolidate its position.

It is historian, comforter, thriller—all in one. It can cheer as it can depress in an orange envelope. Still the most romantic and dramatic piece of paper in the world!

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

WORCESTER DAILY TIMES:—"Grand Military Meeting at Sandown Park. (By our RAVING Correspondent.)"

WESTERN EVENING HERALD:—"She had not produced her Health Insurance Car."

SHEFFIELD DAILY TELEGRAPH:—"... pleaded not guilty and DESERVED her defence."

EXPRESS AND STAR:—"On top of it were velvet curtains on a ROAD which he pulled across."

MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS:—"... stated to have had a wireless SEA for more than three years. ..."

EVENING ARGUS:—"Passers-by noticed that the street lamps were SLIGHT at the time."

CAMBRIDGE DAILY NEWS:—"Thorough and careful cleansing with hot water and SOUP will remove all dirt."

SCOTTISH DAILY EXPRESS:—"Donaldson had dragged off his sea-BOATS."

WATERFORD NEWS:—"Bohemians will travel at full LENGTH."

How the Gibbs Fairies saved the Children's health

Once these children wouldn't clean their teeth properly, so two horrid little decay imps decided to set up a poison factory.

This poison factory pumped nasty poison on to every bit of food the children ate. They did look ill and miserable.

Then teacher told them about Gibbs, so they summoned the Gibbs Fairies, who destroyed the poison factory and expelled Decay.

Now the children are happy and healthy because Gibbs twice a day keeps their ivory Castles so clean no poison can settle.

Gibbs Dentifrice makes teeth white and lovely for the present and safe for the future. Its fragrant antiseptic foam kills germs, dissolves film, washes away everything that could cause decay. Teeth are polished safely. The entire mouth refreshed and purified. Change to Gibbs today.

Your teeth are Ivory Castles defend them with

Gibbs

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Spread thick on a biscuit

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It's easy enough to say, plenty of milk: children have views of their own. Sometimes they fuss and make faces: sometimes fresh milk disagrees. But Nestlé's Milk spread thick on a biscuit turns a trial into a treat. It is nourishment made nicer, energy concentrated. And when Nestlé's concentrate cream and goodness they make it much easier to digest. There is no better way of dealing with a little mid-morning hunger.

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BRITISH people have a beautiful country—and know it. They are far from indifferent when the fate of a famous beauty spot hangs in the balance.

Yet when the B.B.C. put to sixteen such people recently the question, "What does the National Trust do?" only one answered correctly, ten admitted they didn't know and the others ventured such guesses as "something to do with the currency" and "in charge of the Budget."

And this is the organisation that exists to save the open spaces all those people—in fact, all Britain's millions of subjects—love and enjoy. The National Trust has been doing wonderful work all through the King's reign of twenty-five years, saving Britain from the hands of the despoiler.

To help in this aim wealthy people give their hundreds and sometimes their thousands. Poor people subscribe their pounds and sometimes their shillings. Patriotic owners of property give stretches of land or buildings that they feel are the common heritage of the British race.

And so it has become a revolt against Victorian ugliness and indifference to the fate of the beautiful—a great work to undo the misdeeds of people who, for centuries past, have allowed more and more of the finest beauty spots to be lost, marred or even blotted out entirely.

And the spearhead of the fight is in the hands of the National Trust for Places of Historic Interest or Natural Beauty. Just before King George's coronation, the Trust was put on a solid basis by a special Act of Parliament, though it was founded some years earlier.

It has been held to ransom now and then by the rapacity of land speculators, and these days the Trust does not advertise its intention of acquiring any particular property until steps have been taken to prevent a "hold up."

It now owns on behalf of the people some 300 properties in England and Wales covering 44,000 acres, and from the beginning the public has found nearly £400,000. Some of the holdings are open land near the urban areas—in the Home Counties, Yorkshire, the Midlands, Derbyshire—some are in the holiday country, such as the Lake District, the Devon and Somerset moorlands and the Fens.

PENNIES *are buying* Beautiful Britain

ALL have been acquired without a penny of help from the State and without the very big endowments which support so many public and charitable movements.

Last year a stretch of Buttermere, at Crummock Water, was given by the owner, Mr. Nicholas Size, to be preserved as a viewpoint. A few days after the announcement an L.M.S. driver in his working clothes called at the offices of the Trust in Buckingham Palace Road. He brought 10s. for the Buttermere fund.

"I am on the Scottish train," he said, "and I love every inch of the run through the Lakes. We engine drivers see more than the signals!"

Another youngster in the West Country had listened in to a broadcast by the Trust secretary for funds to preserve Watersmeet, near Lynmouth.

He broke open his money box and sent 1s. He had been there! And, following a reminder that the Trust was not so well off as it should be, this letter was received:—

"I myself, being only fifteen years of age, also find times rather hard. At the soonest possible chance I will be one too glad to aid the National Trust and its noble work. That time will probably be Christmas."

Watersmeet, pride of North Devon. To help keep its preservation a little boy broke open his money box!

Many of the National Trust properties have been gifted by the owners, such as the stretch of Gwynant Valley below Snowdon, which Mr. Clough Williams-Ellis presented recently as the nucleus of the first British national park. But many more have been bought by the public themselves.

When a historic beauty spot is in danger of being built over, the response from all classes is invariably generous enough to save it. Six years ago the "six-mile" round Stonehenge had to be acquired. It cost £35,000 to buy 1,400 acres. The public found the money.

Longshaw Moor, a fine open stretch of 750 acres, near Sheffield, was in danger from the builders. Sheffield men and women, to whom the moor meant so much, bought it for £14,000. The appeal went out when the depression was at its worst. Working folk sent their subscriptions by shillings and half-crowns.

"I am unemployed," wrote one steel worker of 50, "for the first time in my life, but I have a bit saved, and you can have 10s. of it. I did my courting on Longshaw Moor 30 years ago, and would not like to see it go."

FOR one of the many open spaces acquired by the National Trust round London a working-class woman sent £5. It was half of a prize she had won in a newspaper competition.

Shalford Old Mill, an eighteenth-century watermill on the Tillingbourne near Guildford, a landmark beloved by local people, looked like falling down. One day a masked man called on the Secretary of the Trust and handed him a heavy bag containing £200 in silver.

He remained silent, but a note he brought announced that the money was from "Ferguson's Gang" as a first instalment of the sum necessary to buy the mill. The note was signed by "Ferguson," "The Bishop," "Sister Agatha," "White Biddy," "Old Poll of Paddington," "Kate O'Brien," "The Nark" and "Silent O'Moyne," the masked man himself.

Later "Silent O'Moyne" brought other sums from "Ferguson's Gang" until the Trust was able to buy and repair Shalford Old Mill. A few months ago "Silent O'Moyne" dropped in with £500 towards the purchase of an Isle of Wight property. He also brought a bottle of gin.

The officials of the Trust are absolutely in the dark as to the identity of "Ferguson's Gang." All they know is that, like the rest of the legions of British folk who pay their pennies, their pounds and their hundreds in less picturesque fashion, they love their national heritage sufficiently to make a sacrifice for it.

The movement is developing each year. It will lend a hand in the acquisition of the "Green Belt" round London. The other day it took in its stride a thousand acres of woodland near Croydon. It has its eyes on many open spaces near the big industrial areas.

There are a million acres it would like and ought to have under its control on behalf of the nation. One of these days it will have them, for the people want more and more of the free country-side where there are neither walls nor trespass notices. And what the people want they usually get in the end.

An Author of Fraud

A MAN who in appearance has been described as a mixture of Captain Kettle and Sir Henry Wood has claimed a number of victims at Bexhill, St. Leonards, and Hastings.

This picturesque individual, Mr. Henry Vane Thompson, is about sixty-five years of age and possesses the courtly manners of the Victorian period.

A few weeks ago Thompson called at a house in Bexhill Road, St. Leonards-on-Sea, and arranged for board-residence. Later he introduced his wife and daughter. Bearded and benevolent, he described himself as an horticulturist, and mentioned casually that he was opening up a business in the neighbourhood.

Once settled, Thompson began to order plants and other goods from many firms whose advertisements he had collected.

Then this bearded trickster got in touch with a printing and typewriting agency in Hastings and obtained a portable typewriter on credit. Also he ordered some printed stationery, giving his address at Bexhill Road the appropriate title of "The Sanctuary."

Thompson next forgot that the portable typewriter was not his, and pawned it for £2 10s.

Early one morning recently this self-styled "horticulturist and author" departed from the house in Bexhill Road, St. Leonards, without paying his account for board and lodging.

The fact is that Thompson is an impudent rascal who has not the slightest compunction in imposing on poor people for his board and lodging, while he launches a campaign of obtaining as many goods as firms will send him, and produces a hundred and one excuses for not paying his debts. Then, when the pace becomes too warm, he just fades out!

Henry Vane Thompson is a dangerous nuisance to trusting people.

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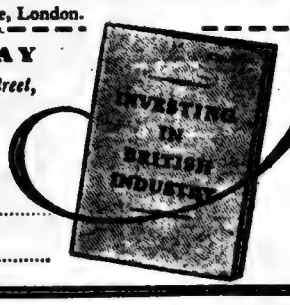

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Improved "beyond belief"
If you know what it is to suffer from indigestion so badly that everything you eat brings pain and discomfort; what would you give to be well and normal in a few days?
Here is a letter, short and sincere, from one who suffered just as you do, Mr. Douglas Parker, of Alcester Road, Studley, Warwickshire.
"I have suffered," he says, "from Gastric Ulcers for 2 years and everything I ate used to give me violent Indigestion and pain. About four months ago a friend advised me to try Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, and I am delighted at the improvement in my appetite and general condition. My appetite has improved beyond all belief and I feel a different fellow altogether."
You, too, can obtain just as great and speedy relief as Mr. Parker. But be sure to get the original Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. Do not accept an inferior substitute for the sake of a few pence, but ask your chemist for Maclean Brand Stomach Powder and be sure to see the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN" on bottle and carton before you buy. It is not sold loose, but only in bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets, at 1/3, 2/- and 5/-.

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Grey hair makes you look older than you are. Restore the natural colour of youth by using Valentine's Extract, which stains grey hair to any shade of brown, or to black. Harmless, lasting, does not soil the linen.—SAFE AND SURE. Suitable for men or women. Of Chemists, 1/3, 2/6 & 6/- per bottle; or post free from J.B. Valentine, 46a, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.
VALENTINE'S WALNUT STAIN
BRITISH OWNED & MADE EXTRACT

BY LETTER PARLIAMENT READERS

OUR Roll of Honour

THERE can be no doubt as to who should be on the Jubilee Roll of Honour. Our Government is an excellent one in many ways, but taken all round it is a very slow-moving one.

I recall to mind, however, one Minister who, as a result of his intense activity and sincere devotion to the trust placed in him by the people of England, has brought illness upon himself, necessitating his absence from duty.

I refer to Mr. Anthony Eden.—*R. D., West Norwood.*

Best-loved Politician

George Lansbury, the best-loved politician of our time, whose life of devoted service to others has endeared him to the hearts of millions.

In office, at the Privy Council, or suffering behind prison bars for the dictates of conscience, "G. L." has remained at all times the grey-haired symbol of British democracy.

That a man of his age should have performed so ably the herculean task of leading so small an opposition during the past four years speaks volumes for his grit and character. A Jubilee Roll of Honour would be incomplete without his name.—*B. E. H., Staple Hill.*

Real Sensation!

Throughout the present King's reign, Jack Hobbs has consistently delighted millions by hitting a cricket ball to all parts of the field.

To the British workman and schoolboy the news of this record-smashing hero being bowled for a "duck" is a greater sensation than any Continental war scare.

The champion jockey is expected to ride occasional losers, and the tennis star must suffer defeat sometimes, but when Hobbs falls the news is placarded by every newsvendor in the country.—*G. R., S.W.7.*

Wonder Physician

Lord Dawson of Penn, a great member of a great profession. His life's work has been devoted to the alleviation of human suffering, and when in 1928 he brought our beloved King through his grave illness, he earned the unstinted gratitude of the entire nation.

To-day he is probably the greatest personality in the medical world.

No Jubilee Roll of Honour could possibly be complete which omitted the name of such a distinguished and talented public benefactor as Lord Dawson of Penn.—*L. H., Lozells.*

"Mr. Workman"

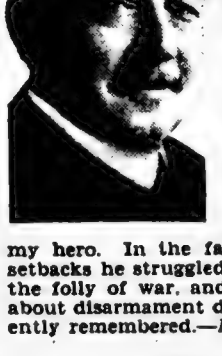
My hero is not any individual giant, but the unknown little man, the safe and solid workman who helps to form the true backbone of England.

Let a typical representative of the working man, perhaps a carpenter, a bricklayer, or a boilermaker, be chosen haphazardly from the pages of the directory, and his name entered upon the Jubilee Roll of Honour.

He will be honoured not for his personal achievements, but as a symbol of the loyal mass of people and the ordinary man who struggles through life with courage, but without praise.—*J. W., Cardiff.*

Untiring Effort

Their Majesty's reign has seen many great deeds performed, and has produced brilliant men and women in all walks of life. But everything is overshadowed by the tragedy of the Great War, and surely there is no one entitled to a place on the Roll of Honour more than Mr. Arthur Henderson, who has done everything in his power to make another such calamity impossible.



Mr. Henderson is my hero. In the face of heart-breaking setbacks he struggled to make nations see the folly of war, and his efforts to bring about disarmament deserve to be permanently remembered.—*N. B., Sharrow.*

Sea Hero

My hero would be Never-turn-back Fleming, who was mentioned in a recent issue of JOHN BULL. Few people who live in inland towns know the cruelty of exposure, apart from the awful danger of a storm, at sea in winter.

Sometimes these heroes are out eight, ten and even twelve hours, exposed to biting wind, blinding rain and lashing seas, and one mistake by the coxswain and the crew is doomed.

So here's to Coxswain William Fleming and his crew!—*E. D., Southsea.*

A Universal Helper

My hero is not a speed ace, but his homely, helpful talks which appear weekly in JOHN BULL do much to speed the workings of the mind to nobler thoughts and deeds. Thousands whose lives are burdened with grief and care have benefited by his advice, which has given them hope and faith to carry on and climb over mountains of difficulties.

Surely such a man as Canon Campbell, who brings sunshine and hope into the darkened lives of others is a deserving name for the Jubilee Roll of Honour.—*"An Admirer," Hamilton.*

Empire Bulwark

No list of notables of the Jubilee's Period would be complete without the name of Lord Baden-Powell. This Ambassador in shorts has never spared himself to foster brotherhood among the Youth of all nations, and utilised every minute to teach the virtues of clean living, high thinking, manliness with the beauty of kindliness towards all.

In the hearts of all Boy Scouts he is the Chief Scout—one who loves life and who has lived it to utmost capacity. To-day he stands as a bulwark of the Empire and a whole League of Nations in himself.—*"Dryad," Lancs.*

Cheery Songster

Gracie Fields, the Lancashire lass who has brought joy to the hearts of thousands with her singing, is my hero.me for the Jubilee Roll of Honour.

Her song "Sing as we go" is symbolical of her cheery nature, which makes her audience forget their worries and gloom and resolve to go through life just as cheerily as Gracie.—*F. E. W., Berks.*

Big City Chief

I'd honour the manager of the Metropolis. It's a big job; but he's a big man. Not always was he up-stage. There was a time when he was back in the chorus, though always working, thinking, scheming and perfecting technique for the day of his triumph.

London is a stiff proposition to tackle, but one thing is certain—it will be a better place when he finishes than when he started.

I do not see eye to eye with him in many instances, but he has the root of the matter in him. No man is more worthy of recognition than Herbert Morrison.—*F. A., Midlands.*

More than Jester

P. G. Wodehouse. With fun so clean and infectious he captivates the hearts of all classes; even Royalty forgets the worries of the day when drawn into the realm of fancy by this inimitable humorist.

Over drab lives he weaves a web of clean merriment; no desert can be utterly dry with the companionship of jolly Jeeves.

Jester he may be. But he's more than that. Wodehouse has lightened the hearts of millions—has done more to create happiness than all our grim-visaged moralists put together.—*"Ailsa," Drayton.*

One Small Slip . . .

Lord Trenchard. There may be more spectacular candidates—soldiers, statesmen. You may consider him ruthless, autocratic, but he has served us well.

The lack of "incident" during the Royal Wedding, coming as it did on the heels of the Marseilles tragedy, was a masterpiece of thoroughness. During Jubilee Week the personal safety of our King and Queen will lie with double weight in his hands as will the safety of our foreign guests.

One small slip on his part could have not only national, but international, repercussions. Measure the honour to the responsibilities; he deserves first place.—*E. V. S., Chelsea.*

First Place

My hero is "Dick" Shepherd, just because I know that the highest honour in the land would not alter in any way the character of this truly wonderful man.

As a power for good I place him the first in the land. No earthly honours will ever adequately reward his great work for humanity, but such as are given should be showered on this true disciple of the Great Master.—*Xenos, York.*

* * *

Just out of hospital after three years' treatment, it is quite understandable that my hero is the surgeon who cured me.—*G. C., Middlesbrough.*

Race with "Silver Ring"

BAHRAM or BOBSLEIGH?

BAHRAM—7 to 2—was the JOHN BULL Code selection for the "Guineas."

Incidentally, the Aga Khan's colt was coupled with Hevusina—7 to 1—making a nice double of 35 to 1.

A few more like these and we will visualise a holiday on the Riviera!

The question of the moment is: Has Bobsleigh, a fair fourth—or anything else—any earthly chance at Epsom of turning the tables on the unbeaten colt trained at Fitzroy House?

I happen to know that some shrewd judges considered Bobsleigh pounds better than Hyperion. Hence his price of 7 to 4 at headquarters.

I think he ran a bit green and we can take it that Perryman, who had a bad tumble at Epsom, will be able to do him greater justice in the Derby.

Moreover, there is the old axiom . . . "Fourth in the Guineas, first in the Derby" to be considered.

Papyrus and Blenheim were each fourth in the first classic race.

The greatest fault I had to find with Lord Derby's colt was that he lost ground coming down Bushes Hill. Hence, he may experience difficulty in negotiating Tattenham Corner.

I do not think anything else that finished behind Bahram will beat him at Epsom, but I wish to see what three-year-olds do well at Chester—the racing takes place while these notes are in the press—before putting up a good outsider.

My tip for the "Jubilee" is Wychwood Abbot. Felton may take the Bendigo Plate and Mystery Man should be noted for the Minting T.Y.O. Stakes.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, May 9, to Wednesday, May 15.

H J I 95 S O Y 97 L W N 96 G E D V
Q C 93 B A K X U Z R 98 T F 94 M P

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: O9893PQ9694M would read KNIGHTED. Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. JSW94962S would read CARETTA.

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published, 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, by first post Tuesday, May 14.

The Best Answer Against War

PIMPLES INVITE BLOOD-POISONING

Disease germs abound everywhere, and the slightest pimple or skin abrasion offers an open door to infection. The safest antiseptic and quickest healer is Cuticura Ointment. Get it and use it to-day—to prevent blood-poisoning—to eradicate the beginnings of torturing, disfiguring Eczema, Psoriasis or other stubborn skin disease.

How Cuticura Heals

Wash the affected part daily with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Dry gently and apply Cuticura Ointment. This daily treatment relieves itching and allays inflammation at once. The soothing, healing, antiseptic Cuticura penetrates to the depths of the eruption. It destroys the lurking germs which keep the disease active, it heals the festering sores and steadily establishes a healthy condition of the skin which leads to complete recovery.

Boy's Face a Mass of Scales

"My little boy, three years old, had an awful attack of impetigo. It started with a few spots on his face and the irritation caused it to spread quickly, and in no time his face was a mass of scales. The poor little fellow scratched himself to pieces. For two months I had a terrible time. Then I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment. He got great relief, and I am pleased to say they healed him when all else failed, leaving the skin as clear as a bell." (Signed) Mrs. G. Williams, 24, Newport Street, Barrow-in-Furness.

Cuticura Ointment 1/3, 2/6 and 5/-. Cuticura Soap 1/-. Sample of Soap, Ointment and Talcum sent on receipt of 1½d stamp for postage.
Address: Cuticura (Dept. 78 FO) Newbery & Phillips Ltd., 31 Banner Street, London, E.C.1.

Cuticura

SOOTHING · ANTISEPTIC · HEALING

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Every Lady should write to-day for GRAVES DISPLAY of up-to-date Fashions illustrating all the newest ideas in Ladies' wear, at prices which show a substantial saving. Wherever you live, our Keen Prices and Easy Terms are for YOU.

ALSTREE Fine quality All Wool Georgette is the material chosen for this fashionable model which has the newest style collar and stand-up collar. The garment is beautifully tailored with smartly shaped sleeves, large revers, and attractively designed back. The cape is trimmed with fine embroidery of a contrasting shade. Lined through with plain Fancy Silk. Marina Green, Fawn, Brown, Navy & Black. Sizes S.S.W. to O.S. Busts 32 to 50in. Lengths: 44 to 54in. Price 39/11

Terms: 5/6 Monthly.

WRITE FOR PATTERNS send to-day for full range of Patterns sent Free. Costumes, Coats, Furs, Underwear, Robes, Frocks, &c., all in the newest styles. Ask for Patterns of any kind of garment required, and the splendid choice, with a self measurement form and all particulars will be sent to you per return of post.

J. & G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

5/6 Monthly

Help Kidneys

Don't Take Drastic Drugs.

Your kidneys have nine million tiny tubes or filters which are endangered by neglect or drastic, irritating drugs. Beware! If Kidney trouble or Bladder weakness makes you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Dizziness, Stiffness, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Burning, Itching, Smarting, Scanty or Loss of Vigour, don't waste a minute. Try the Doctor's safe, pure prescription called Cystex. Specially prepared to soothe, tone, clean, and heal raw, sore Kidneys, Cystex starts work in 15 minutes, brings new health, youth and vitality in 48 hours. Cystex is guaranteed to cure you or money back. Only 3/- from Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites and all chemists, or Cystex Williams, 81, Lamb's Conduit-st., W.C.1.

It's Super-Fatted!

A shave with Gibbs Super-Fatted Shaving Cream is the most delightful, mollifying experience—absolutely unique. The unusually rich, thick, emollient lather gives you greater comfort both during and after your shave—a cleaner, quicker shave, too. The secret is in the Super-Fatting. CHANGE TO GIBBS TODAY!

GIBBS SUPER FATTED SHAVING CREAM

D. & W. Gibbs Ltd., Cold Cream Soap Works, London, E.1.

GS42B

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—
All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—
In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.
Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull" and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.
ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

Oh! my CORN!!

No need to suffer any longer—CORNS COME RIGHT OUT, root and all!

THE most agonising foot troubles can be quickly relieved and corns completely removed by a 'Reudel Saltrates' footbath. The two-fold action of 'Reudel' rarely fails. The active oxygen released by 'Reudel Saltrates' enters the pores and carries special corn-softening salts down to the root, which is soon loosened so that it comes right out. Thousands have proved this the quickest, surest way of ending corns.

A DOCTOR SAYS: "I've found a very good thing in 'Reudel Bath Saltrates'... I believe it does all it claims. I would not be without it"
J.——M.D., O.B.E.

VERY IMPORTANT
If you want quick relief from corns and painful foot troubles, on no account must you confuse 'Reudel Bath Saltrates' with bath salts which lack curative action. Ask plainly for 'ROO-DEL' (there is no substitute and nothing else is as good) and see you get the YELLOW packet.

REUDEL BATH Saltrates
Pronounced ROO-DEL
only in YELLOW Packets
Unequalled for FOOT TROUBLES. from all chemists 1/6

Please yourself of course but... if you want real quality....

RUDGE WHITWORTH

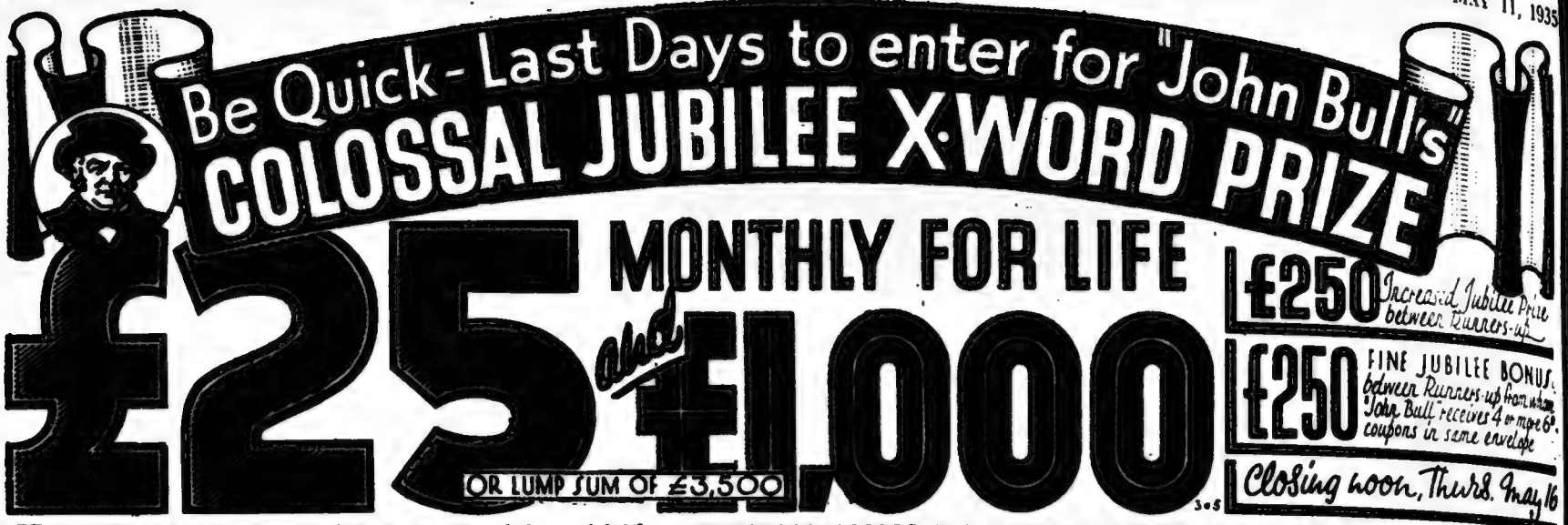
THE PEDIGREE BICYCLE

Exact Size

SOLID ZAM-BUK

In addition to Zam-Buk Ointment for external piles, you can now obtain Zam-Buk soluble suppositories for *inward* use. Ask your chemist for **Zam-Buk Suppositories.** 1/3 a box. Left in position at night, they cure while you sleep.

CURES PILES


Be Quick - Last Days to enter for "John Bull's"
COLOSSAL JUBILEE X-WORD PRIZE
£25 and £1,000
MONTHLY FOR LIFE
OR LUMP SUM OF £3,500
£250 Increased Jubilee Prize between Runners-up
£250 FINE JUBILEE BONUS between Runners-up from whom "John Bull" receives 4 or more 6d. coupons in same envelope
Closing noon, Thurs. May 16

ARE you quite satisfied that your analysis of our Compiler's great Jubilee Puzzle was complete last week? Go through the Clues again, for there may be some subtle but important point in one or two of them which you missed at your first reading.

Remember—the colossal Pension-plus-Fortune First Prize is worth every minute you can give to the puzzle in this final week of this Jubilee Contest. In fact, an extra half-hour may make all the difference between failure and the huge Life Pension of £25 a month, following a Fortune in cash of £1,000!

If you prefer one payment as your prize, this would be the enormous sum of £3,500. And even if you just miss the top rung of the prize ladder, that £500 to be distributed as announced among Runners-up in our 305th Contest is sufficient to give you a substantial reward for your trouble.

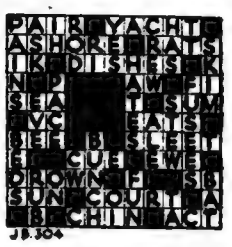
Friday, May 24, is Telegram Day for this Giant Jubilee Offer—and noon on Thursday, May 16, is the last moment for your entry to reach Long Acre. Let your effort to win be worthy of the prize and of this memorable occasion.

☞ For FREE X-WORD HELP, ENCLOSE COUPON from Page 43

"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of £25 a month and £1,000 in Cash (or one lump sum of £3,500) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the sender whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £250 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of £250 will be divided between Runners-up from whom we have received four or more sixpenny coupons in the same envelope. Solution of puzzle and winners will be published in "John Bull" on Thursday, May 30.

Solution—X-Word No. 304. ☞

Winners in Crossword No. 303 appear on page 32. Winners in Crossword No. 304 will be published next week. The Solution of "John Bull" Crossword No. 304 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our Crossword Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required, as all entries are carefully examined by our staff.

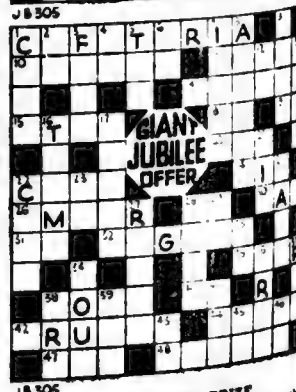

JB 304

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW. These miniature reproductions of this week's puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.

JB 305

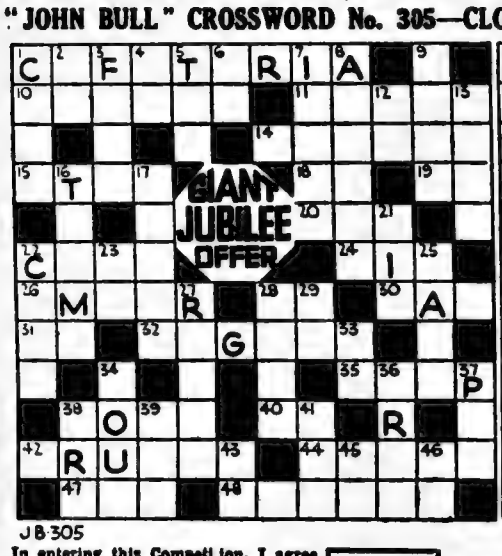
JB 305

JB 305



JB 305

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 305—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, MAY 16, 1935



JB 305

JB 305

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value..... No..... Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 305—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, MAY 16, 1935

JB 305

JB 305

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value..... No..... Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

ENTRY FEE.

With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING. Extra Entries at same rate. See Rule 1.

EXTRA SQUARES Post Free

Other squares appeared in last week's "John Bull." For extra squares send Penny P.O. to Crossword Gazette Dept., 32, Bedford St., Strand, W.C.2, stating number of Sd. Entry Forms required.

Address Entry Thus:

"John Bull" Crossword No. 305,

57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED—ALL ENTRIES EXAMINED

STUDY THESE CLUES

ACROSS

1. Quick lunch counter in a restaurant
10. We get salad oil from them
11. He competes with you in love and business
14. To do this and go too far is unwise
15. Part of pipe or flower
18. It's it backwards
19. Half each
20. Good play grips you until this
22. Is put into hair with tongs
24. You can drive in one or row in one and it's the same both ways
26. Dull yellow stone much used for necklaces
28. Word often found at top of business letter
30. Helps you out when money's gone
31. Beginning and end of nap
32. Such speeches make one sick
35. Mind this or you may stumble
38. Golfer shouts if you're in the way
40. Letters often at foot of letter
42. Makes your skin change colour
44. Good fowl is this and tender
47. Globe forming part of regalia
48. Firemen go through these after smashing windows

DOWN

1. They slow down traffic badly
2. Malice without mice
3. Might help convicts to escape
4. More than half of Adam's better half
5. One's evening meal after this is called supper
6. Pest with head and tail removed
7. If you're this you're angry
8. Marksman is when looking along sights
9. It can set the house rocking
12. Two ends of verb
13. Such a year is dreaded by every single man
16. Makes an unmistakable sound
17. Helpless ones are skinned for women's fur coats
21. You do this in sea and pockets on holiday
22. Masters who do this never get the boys' confidence
23. Last letters of proverb
25. Noise of one may keep waking up your guest
27. Football without these would not be worth watching
28. Accounts for many people getting stung
29. Heard from hesitating speaker
33. Affirmative without a vowel
34. Clock striking this may disturb afternoon nap
36. Describes story from real life
37. If you've got this it shows in your work
38. Usually follows "to and"
39. Adam lost one in his sleep
41. Resort attracting invalids
43. Ref. who's lost his head
45. Letters followed by NO
46. Short for manuscript

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE. Increase P.O. by 6d. for each additional two squares submitted. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd. and cross it /a Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, May 16, 1935.

2.—Should any letter-square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered or not given in ink, the corresponding letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's solution cannot be so decided, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Solution and winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, May 30, 1935. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, June 11, 1935, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £250 to be divided between the Runners-up. Accordingly entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double searches establishing these winners is regarded as final. Errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the Clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie a prize will be divided but competitor may receive more than one award contest. Should first prize be shared additional be paid instead of the two cheque awards.

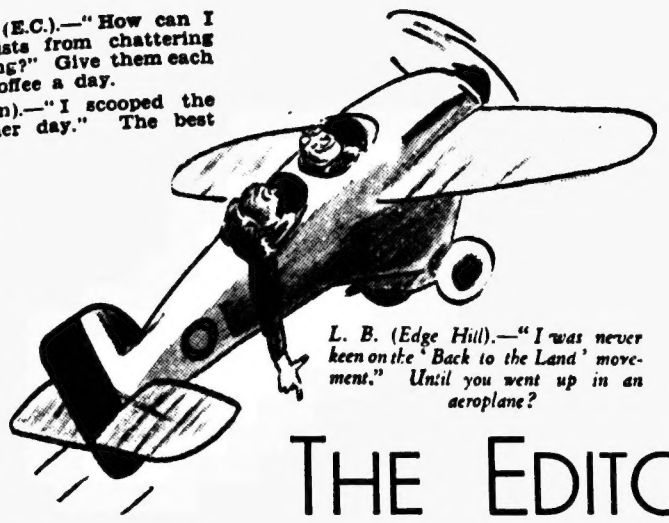
5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from ing an address in Scotland will be disqualified cannot enter the competition. Any entry from involves disqualification.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the condition

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between the sharers' Newsagents.



L. B. (Edge Hill).—"I was never keen on the 'Back to the Land' movement." Until you went up in an aeroplane?

THE EDITOR Laughs Last

BUSINESS MAN (E.C.).—"How can I keep my typists from chattering all the day long?" Give them each a packet of toffee a day.

M. B. (Oban).—"I scooped the pool the other day." The best swimmers keep their mouths shut.

V. B. (Colne).—"I have invented a new cloud-bomb which will end all droughts." It blows up for rain, as it were?

F. L. (Tring).—"An umbrella with the handle carved in the likeness of a pigeon was recently sold for £10." Well, a homing umbrella would be well worth the money.

"HEALTH" (Kilmarnock).—"I indulge in a little hopping every morning, but the other day I slept in." So you had to skip that morning?

H. N. (Doncaster).—"The new dentist in our road is an enterprising sort of chap." He has push as well as pull.

DOCTOR (Hornchurch).—"The best way to cure a chill is to stop in bed." Cold comfort.

J. F. (Aldershot).—One N.C.O. got a fearful hiding in our boxing contest." Corporal punishment?

W. J. (Slough).—"Do you think there will be anything in the way of my obtaining an overdraft?" Your bank manager.

W. L. (Welwyn).—"He is only fourteen, but works as a barber in his father's shop." The young shaver!

T. K. (Glasgow).—"My two brothers-in-law climbed halfway up Ben Nevis two weeks ago and have been massaging their muscles ever since." Strained relations.

G. P. N. (Purley).—"Unlike her Mid-Victorian sister, the modern woman isn't afraid of a mouse." Even if she has promised to love, honour and obey him.

F. P. (Frome).—"Public-houses ought to have special bars for those stupid people who are always anxious to buy one another drinks." Standing room only?

EXPERIENCED (Harrow).—"Take it from me, the novice at cross-country tramping is recognised by his short pants." And his short breaths?

CENTRE-FORWARD (Manchester).—"You should have seen the captain's face when I told him in fun that I'd pulled a muscle." He didn't appreciate that it was only leg-pull.

OLD-TIMER (Thornton).—"When I was a boy my mother's favourite form of chastisement was to throw the family dictionary at me." Did words often pass between you?

PUZZLED (Rotherham).—"I have a very tall tree in my garden which I want to remove, but I'm not sure if I can get it down: what would you advise me to do?" Have a cut at it.

C. H. (Newcastle).—"I've got some good ideas for making use of old tins, but nobody will pay me for them. Can you advise me what to do?" Throw them away.

SENTIMENTAL (Grimsby).—"Years ago I made a promise that I would erect a memorial to my old dog, and the other day I unveiled it." You stood by your promise.

TRAVELLER (Southampton).—"I have just returned from Belgrade, where, if a motorist exceeds the speed limit, the police deflate his tyres as a punishment." That's letting him down lightly.

D. S. (Plymouth).—"I didn't get one dance with the instructor at the ballroom class because there were so many other beginners." She didn't have time to go round.

TOM (Sevenoaks).—"During a visit to an aunt, I explored an old mill, and what with dust and rotten boards and knocking myself about in dark corners I had a most uncomfortable time." So you went through the mill!

HOUSEWIFE (Gosforth).—"I have just purchased a bath that can be used as a sink, a table, for making pastry, a mangle and a bath." A little awkward if the controls get mixed when being used as the latter.

LANDLADY (Bournemouth).—"A honeymoon couple who stayed with me recently went suddenly without giving an address and left all their wedding presents behind." What a mean trick to play on anybody.

STATISTICIAN (Manchester).—"I have estimated that if a man stood for a year in a Manchester street his suit would be dripping with moisture." A much simpler method would be to go into a swimming-pool with his clothes on.

THE KID

J. H. S. (Dundee).—"How should garlic be eaten?" Alone—on a desert island.

H. E. (Newark).—"The craze for photography will be greater than ever this year." Developing?

A. N. (Bromley).—"Since my aunt came home from Germany by air I've heard of nothing except air-sickness." So now you're sick of it.

PUNTER (Wimbledon).—"The bookie turned out to be a welsher, but though we had to chase him for nearly a mile we got him at last." He gave you a good run for your money.

O. C. (Accrington).—"After we had quarrelled over her use of make-up, my girl went home and washed it all off." That put a different complexion on matters.

A. D. (Bournemouth).—"As my son is not too robust, I am going to put him to the upholstery trade." A soft job?

BETTY H. (London, W.1).—"A mannequin's work is very tiring." A wearing job, of course.

R. R. (Cowley).—"Under the stress of great anger, my face goes very white." The result of seeing red.

A. L. (Swindon).—"A farmer rescued all his pigs from a recent farm blaze." He saved his bacon.

TYPIST (N.W.6).—"My boss is eccentric, but he's no fool in money matters." You find it hard to take a rise out of him?

TOM F. (Hinckley).—"I used to be a music-hall comedian, but am now a big egg producer." A traitor to your old profession!

E. E. (Biggin Hill).—"There is no finer sight than a carpet of bluebells in a wood of silver birches." There is nothing to beat it, in fact.

MISS G. (Keswick).—"If the old-fashioned wasp-waist corset is revived, will it remain popular?" Well, it will take a firm hold.

H. J. (Brixton).—"While erecting a new aerial the other day the wire caught round one of the chimneys, and I cannot move it." So the whole thing is now hung up.

S. F. (Clapham).—"In the course of a week, shares are often sold over and over again." This sometimes applies to speculators.

KEEN (Brixton).—"I work for a hikers' outfitter, and I dread the sack." But surely you wouldn't object to marching orders.

J. B. (Shepherd's Bush).—"I told my fiancé that if he wanted to please me, he should take up dancing." And he took the necessary steps?

P. A. (Crewe).—"The last match of the season was a cup-tie and was a very fast one, because the players were keyed up." A good wind-up, then.

BACHELOR (Gravesend).—"When a girl becomes friendly with a rich young man, does she stick to him because he is the only pebble on the beach?" No; because the rest of the beach is stony.

K. T. (Norwood).—"I took great pains to get the turves I was putting down straight." But we'll bet nothing like those you felt when getting your back straight afterwards.

APPRENTICE (Bristol).—"On my first day at the works the other apprentices initiated me by rubbing my face with metal polish." Just to brighten your ideas a little?

L. W. (Southend).—"I read of a lighthouse keeper who cannot keep an assistant, because he won't allow anybody but himself in the lantern room." That's his look-out.

T. C. (Bognor).—"For a time I thought I had done the wrong thing in starting a riding school, but I can now boast that business is good." We hope there will be no fallings off.

F. H. (Buxton).—"A farmer friend of mine bet me a shilling I could not stand in a field of his all day, but he had to pay out." Well, a scarecrow at a shilling for the day was cheap enough.

T. M. F. (Chelmsford).—"If I could drive I'd have a car—if I had the cash." Let's biff those "if's"! The Car *and* £1,000 in cash can be yours for a *Bullets* coupon from page 43—and your celebration will be at our expense!

BOXER (Staines).—"At the start of the bout I astonished by opponent with my speedy work and winded him with a left to the solar plexus." You took his breath away.

C. DE R. (Ranelagh).—"As I stood looking at the full-length portrait of myself which a careless servant had ruined, I could hardly control my anger." You were beside yourself.

C. H. (Sunderland).—"My friend always gives me an excellent dinner, but her flat is at the top of a high building and there is no lift, so I don't go as often as I would like." A case where the height of hospitality is depressing.

GOLFER (London).—"I have been reprimanded by the club committee because, in a fit of temper, after missing three easy shots on the green, I lashed out at the ball with my foot." They're putting their foot down against you footing your putt down, as it were.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

About Your Indigestion

... Is your trouble

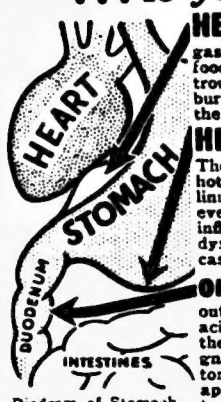


Diagram of Stomach, Intestines and Heart.

HERE Painful distension of the stomach by gases from fermenting food. Excess acidity is the trouble. Flatulence, heartburn and palpitation are the symptoms.

HERE Inflamed or ulcerated stomach. The continual action of hot stomach acids on the lining of a weak stomach eventually causes painful inflammation (gastritis or dyspepsia), and in extreme cases, stomach ulcers.

or HERE Duodenal ulcers. Excess outpouring of stomach acids attack the lining of the duodenum. Agonising gnawing pain is the symptom. This pain often disappears after a meal, only to recur with agonising intensity shortly afterwards.

De Witt's Antacid Powder **Firstly** neutralises the excess acid and renders it harmless to the inflamed stomach. The pain of flatulence is relieved and there is an immediate feeling of well-being.

Secondly the Colloidal Kaolin protects the inflammation or ulcers in the stomach from the burning acids, but allows the ordinary work of digestion to go on.

Thirdly, another ingredient actually digests a portion of your food, taking a further load off the weak stomach.

Persistent use of De Witt's Antacid Powder regulates the system so that you can digest your food. There is no excess acidity and pains vanish.

So every day that you put off getting a supply of De WITT'S Antacid Powder means another day of unnecessary suffering for you.

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

Sold by all Chemists and Stores, price **1/6**

If you live in agony from piles, get MAN ZAN Brand Pile Remedy. Nothing so quickly ends the dreadful irritation, the weakening pain and banishes pile trouble for good. Get your supply of Man Zan in its easy, clean-to-use tube. Use it and be pile free and happy again. Man Zan costs but 3/- for the big supply.

BACKACHE

How often have you told yourself that your backache was due to over-tiredness—that you had been "taking too much out of yourself?" Make no mistake—those stabbing, sudden pains, or that down-dragging, dull ache, are Nature's warning of a trouble that may seriously undermine your health. Your kidneys are at fault—they are not discharging their duty as purifiers of the blood stream.

De WITTS PILLS
MAKE YOUR
KIDNEYS HEALTHY

If you try to carry on you will be giving yourself needless agony. What is more, you will be allowing the blood stream to carry poisons, uric acid among them, all over the body, because your kidneys are too weak to filter them out naturally. This uric acid will then form crystals that lodge in the joints, giving rise to backache or rheumatism, and it may lead to scalding gravel or inflammation of the bladder.

Why suffer the maddening pain of backache, when De Witts Pills will bring certain, quick relief? They are specially compounded to reach the kidneys and restore them to healthy, natural action. You will have visible proof of this within 24 hours of taking them. No other pills will do this. A few hours after taking De Witts Pills your pain will lessen and soon the kidneys will be working naturally. De Witts Pills cost 3/- per box, or larger, more economical size, 5/-.

DE WITTS

KIDNEY AND BLADDER PILLS

For Rheumatism, Backache, etc.

Oh! —The Pain

Stop that pain which is making your life a misery. Beechams Brand Powders cost only 2d. each and are a wonderful prescription for Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatism and all Nerve Pains. Act like magic. Also invaluable for Colds and Chills. Sold everywhere.

STOP IT FOR 2d.

Not Laxative.

Beechams Powders

ACT LIKE MAGIC

Cartons of 8 powders 1/3d. Single Powders 2d. each. A Beecham Product.

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE

The Graves LADY'S 'FLIGHT' Model is the finest value the world can offer:—Dunlop Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, all bright parts Chromium Plated, Raised Handlebars or to order, Open Centre Metal Chain Cover, Double Roller Lever Brakes, Rear Reflector, Set of Accessories. Carriage Paid £3.17.6 or £2 now and 14 monthly payments of £2. Gent's model same price. No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey-Archer 3-Speed £4.17.6 or 6/6 monthly. Catalogue Free. Ladies', Gent's, Juveniles', & Tradesmen's Cycles, Tandems, Roadsters, Racers, Club Models. J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

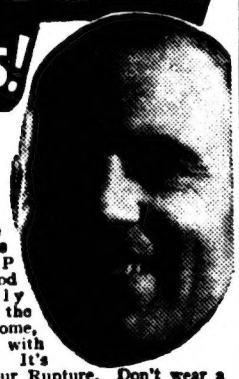
5/2 NOW

FALSE TEETH

DR. WERNET'S POWDER

Would you like your false teeth to fit so firmly yet comfortably that they feel natural—eat, shout, laugh—all day long you can forget about them. Simply sprinkle on Dr. Wernet's Powder—prescribed by world's foremost dentists—the one powder that assures 100% secure comfort, SPECIAL FEATURE comfort-cushion protects sensitive gums—always keeps mouth clean and fresh. Inexpensive—sold by chemists everywhere.

STOP your RUPTURE Worries!



Why endure Rupture when you can be fit and active in a few days from now? Whatever your age or sex, whatever you have tried, we know the famous **Brooks Rupture Appliance** will STOP your worries for good—pleasantly, instantly and painlessly, in the privacy of your home, without interfering with work or pleasure! It's dangerous to neglect your Rupture. Don't wear a useless, old-fashioned truss. Instead, enjoy the comfort and security that only **Brooks** can offer—lead an active life, knowing that your **Brooks** is *healing* as well as holding. Featherlight, invisible, durable, yet really **CHEAP IN PRICE.** 2,300 *doctors recommend Brooks.* You owe it to yourself and family to find out about this proved invention. Avoid dangerous risks. Act now. Overcome your Rupture. Find out how you may **TRY A BROOKS AT OUR EXPENSE.** Send for *free book* now (sent in plain sealed envelope), and stop your rupture worries for ever!

COUPON *for* FREE BOOK

(Post to either London or Manchester)

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD.

(432 W) 89, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.
(482 W) Hilton Chambers, Hilton Street, Stevenson Square, Manchester, 1.

Please send me by post in plain wrapper your Illustrated Book and full information about your Appliance for the Cure of Rupture and your **10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL OFFER.**

Name .....

Address .....

(Please write plainly) .....

Cut out and Post—½d. stamp.

WHAT OUR GIRLS NEED.

When Languid and Anæmic.

"She has become so languid and irritable lately." Does this remark apply to your daughter? Has she grown dull and listless, with pale cheeks and lack-lustre eyes? Is she finicky over her food? Does she have fits of ill-temper and depression? If your daughter has any or all of these symptoms, there is little doubt the cause is anæmia or impoverished blood.

The bright red colour of blood is caused by the presence in it of millions of tiny red corpuscles. It is these that cause the glow of health in lips and cheeks. When a girl's blood is deficient in these red corpuscles, she not only becomes pale, but her body is undernourished, her nerves are starved and she is in danger of a decline.

What is needed is an improvement in the quality of the blood, and it is a proved scientific fact that when the blood is lacking in red corpuscles, a course of Dr. Williams pink pills will cause them to increase rapidly. Anyone can prove this, for an increase of blood quickly shows in rosy cheeks and red lips.

Because of their blood-making properties Dr. Williams brand pink pills are invaluable in the treatment of anæmia. All chemists sell them 1s. 3d. a box (triple size 3s.). If these pills fail to benefit you the proprietors will refund your money.

A NEW FACE POWDER

FASHION FROM PARIS

SWEEPS THE COUNTRY

In Paris has been discovered a new and wonderful ingredient which transforms Face Powder into *Beauty* Powder—gives immediately a glamorous complexion beauty which nothing, not even rain or perspiration, can spoil. This amazing new ingredient is called "Double Mousse." It is now blended by a patent process in New Poudre Tokalon. It actually makes the powder waterproof. You can easily prove it for yourself in one minute. Cover your finger with the powder and dip it in a glass of water. Take your finger out, and notice it is not wet and shiny, but

dry and "matt." That is why when you use Poudre Tokalon you can dance for 8 hours in a hot and crowded room and have a complexion as fresh and lovely as when you began. Get a box of the New Poudre Tokalon and make the simple finger test to-day. See for yourself how entirely different it is from all other powders, because it is the only one containing "Double Mousse." 6d. and 1/- a box.

RILEY'S FAMOUS BOWLS

CASH OR EASY TERMS.

120 PAIRS FREE

Write for Full Details.

E. J. RILEY, LIMITED, Dale Works, Accrington, or (Dept. 74), 147, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.1.

JUBILEE HOUSE to be built by "JOHN BULL"

Interview with Winner of £3,000, Ideal Home and Car

ON the eve of his sixth wedding anniversary, a young Hampshire man received one of the most thrilling telegrams ever sent from Long Acre. Within a few minutes of its arrival at "Netherdene," Avenue Road, Highcliffe, Mr. G. R. Rainier had made an important decision—he chose as his First Prize in *Bullets* 978th Contest an Ideal Home, with £3,000 Cash and a £199 Motor-car!

Below a JOHN BULL representative writes of his talk with this man of thirty-five who has won the biggest prize yet offered in Jubilee Year.

* * *

"This wonderful news couldn't have come at a better moment," Mr. Rainier told me. And as we stood there in his garden, chatting in the sunshine, he explained why he had decided so quickly to accept £3,000, an Ideal Home and a Car in preference to the £4,000 cash award.

"Only the day before JOHN BULL'S wire arrived, I had a telegram from my solicitor," he said. "You see, money difficulties had arisen over the purchase of my present bungalow. Now you can appreciate what this prize means to me."

For three years after being thrown out of his employment with a London motor firm through the financial slump, Mr. Rainier has been struggling to make a living as a writer of articles and stories.

But to-day, thanks to his ingenious and human *Bullet*, OUR CHICKS—"COOP" US—RECOUP US, this man and his wife can look forward to a future free from anxiety, to the joy of possessing a Car and to the pleasures of planning an Ideal Home for themselves and their four-year-old son, Michael.

"The whole thing seems like a dream from which we shall suddenly awake," said Mr. Rainier. "To think that four simple words were to be the key that let me into a new life, free from all cares and worries!

"The only prizes I've received until this big success," he continued, "have been 'Targets,' half-crowns and a Turkey—and I've been entering for eight years. But my wife, who is a JOHN BULL Crossword competitor, urged me to keep at it, telling me that I'd win if I did."

In addition to his wife's encouragement, this thirty-five-year-old winner had also the free weekly aid of *Bullet's Bulletin*. "From the time that I became a regular reader of *Bullet's Bulletin*," he said, "I have noticed a steady improvement in my *Bullets*. No serious competitor should be without his weekly copy."

* * *

Mr. Rainier has already received and banked his £3,000 cheque. His £199 Motor-car, licensed and insured for one year, will shortly be delivered to him. And arrangements are well in hand for his Jubilee House, to the design of his choice, to be erected on a site which he will soon be deciding.

In due course we shall be illustrating his Ideal Home in these columns, and later there will be further opportunities for you to win a prize such as his.

Meanwhile, this week Bullets within reach a Giant 3-in-1 First Prize which could buy the winner a small model house of his own; with it goes a Car, plus a Jubilee Tattoo Week-end in London—and the winner can well be you!

RESULT OF COMPETITION NO. 979

FIRST PRIZE, £600 AND £25 PRIVILEGE AS OFFERED.

Mrs. M. A. JAY, c/o Mrs. Tee, 36, Cromwell Crescent, Keighill, Pontefract.

Example: EE CAREFUL, MR. MAGISTRATE
Bullet: DON'T MAKE "FUTURE TOUGH"!

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

W. A. NORTHCOTT, 9, Vicarage Road, St. Budeaux, Plymouth.
Example: Workless Man
Bullet: "Permanency"? That "Situation's" Unacceptable.

THIRD PRIZE OF £40:

R. STEPHENSON, 13G, Island Road, Barrow-in-Furness.
Example: Cricket
Bullet: "I Broke Window, Sir!"

OTHER PRIZES:

£30: Mrs. D. SHARPE, 2, Temple Villas, Tang Hall Lane, York.
Grim Spectre—Because Hitler's "Seeing Visions."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£20: W. L. GEALL, 15, Litchfield Gardens, Willesden Green, N.W.
Grim Spectre—Often Behind Pretty Farmhouse.

£19: F. S. BINGLEY, 11, Chapeltown, Pudsey, Leeds.
Power Of Good—Faith—Its "Pylons," Spires.

£18: G. YARDLEY, 74, Castlereagh Street, Barnsley.
Caught In A Trap—*Unless* War Chariot "Gonged."

£17: E. G. ROCK, 22, Montgomerie Road, Southsea.
Cricket—Nap—Tap—Clap—Nap!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£16: C. A. BLOXHAM, 1, W.O.'s Quarters, Gunner Street, Bulford Camp.
Man With a Spade—German "Sloping"—Englishman "Leaning."

£15: R. C. WILSON, "Barnryde," Scotter, Gainsborough.
Be Careful, Mr. Magistrate—Less Mercy For Merciless!

£14: A. H. PILCHER, 10, Carpenters Lane, Hadlow, Tonbridge.
Workless Man—Nurses One Consolation—Childless.

£13: J. HALIFAX, The Mill, Kneesall, Notts.
Underhand—Sacking Old Hand Offhand.

£12: W. CAMERON, 65, McLean Street, Glasgow
Grateful Country—Curs Was—"Was" Sours.

£11: J. A. MACFADYEN, [illegible], Appin, Argyll.
In Thousands—He Thought [illegible]

£10: S. F. HELMORE, [illegible], Bristol.
Safety On The Road—[illegible] Speed.

£7 10s.: J. BLAKE, 57, [illegible], burgh.
When Father Celebrates—[illegible] Doorstep "Throne."

10 OF £5 EACH:

J. F. BARNES, 29, Grosvenor [illegible], Middlesex.
Up In The Attic—First, [illegible]

J. BRODIE, 1, Millar Place, [illegible]
In Peace—Neighbours—[illegible]
(Entered on "Target" [illegible] coupon.)

H. KNOWLES, 5, Clarendon [illegible]
Be Careful, Mr. Magistrate—[illegible] With"—Responsibility.

W. A. MANNING, 65, Pendower [illegible], Surbiton, S.W.
The Lion Roared And—Europe [illegible] ing Ramsay!

G. V. MILLER, The Grange, [illegible], Birkenhead.
Underhand — Fate's [illegible] Seems.

Miss J. MORRIS, 31, Savile Road, [illegible]
Cricket—Made Britain "Bat [illegible]

H. RICHARDSON, Corner [illegible] Road, Merry Hill, Wolverhampton.
Made Auntie Jump—Several [illegible] Centipede!

F. ROSS, 203, Crowhill Street, [illegible]
"Darling!"—Isn't Newsy [illegible] Dad!

C. SWEASEY, 18, Northern [illegible]
Grateful Country—Make [illegible]

S. D. WILSON, Brachead, [illegible], Parkstone, Dorset.
Youth's Fire—Young [illegible] Replied!

A list of 50 10s. and 120 £1 winners, each of whom will also receive a 25% Guarantee Cash Bonus, and 500 5s. 6d. winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

ENORMOUS ONE-WEEK 3-IN-1 PRIZE FOR A 'BULLET'

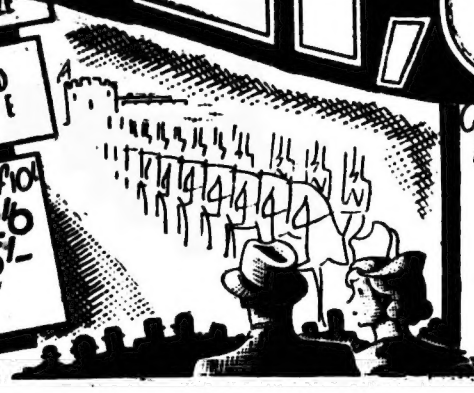
£1,000

CASH with £179 'HILLMAN' MINX SALOON DE-LUXE MOTOR CAR

£100 SECOND PRIZE

£50 THIRD PRIZE

10 of £5 · 10 of £2 10s. · 50 of £1
500 Double Prizes of 2/6 and Surprise Bonus value 5/-
2,000 Red Seal "Targets"
8,000 "Target" Prizes



and

Millionaire's JUBILEE TATTOO WEEK-END in London for Two

Winner and chosen companion will be feted in London at "John Bull's" expense for the week-end of Saturday, June 15, staying at luxurious hotel and enjoying exclusive use of limousine for London sight-seeing. Thrills awaiting them include witnessing from private box the Silver Jubilee performance of the world-famous Aldershot Tattoo, this year the greatest spectacle of its kind ever known

GIANT "BULLETS" OPPORTUNITY —YOURS TILL SATURDAY, MAY 18!

OR a few simple words written on one of the coupons provided, your sensational 3-in-1 reward may well be a **£1,000 Fortune**, a splendid **£179** "Hillman" Minx Saloon de Luxe **Motor-car** and a memorable celebration of your success in the form of a Millionaire's **Jubilee Tattoo Week-end** in London at JOHN BULL'S expense!

Besides staying in luxury at a West End hotel and having a limousine with chauffeur at their constant disposal, the First Prize-winner and his or her chosen companion will enjoy a bewildering round of society, including luxurious seats at the Jubilee Tattoo.

In addition to this enormous 3-in-1 first, other big cheques are waiting winners—and 500 entrants further down the list are each to receive a Double Prize, consisting of 2s. 6d. cash and a Surprise Bonus value 5s.

THE WAY TO WIN

TO make a *Bullet*, consider each *Example* carefully, jotting down all the rough ideas that strike you as you study its meaning, its words and its possibilities as a basis for *Bullets*.

Whatever the topic or style of your *Bullet*, remember, its meaning must be compressed into TWO, THREE or FOUR words which link up neatly with the *Example* chosen.

Suppose, for instance, you decided to work on the *Example* OUT OF HAND. Against this you might write the first rough comment, *Sonny—Then He Gets Into Trouble*. Only a few moments' thought would be needed to compress and improve this to the finished *Bullet*, OUT OF HAND—THEN SONNY'S HAND OUT.

To help you further, examine closely the winning efforts in this week's prize-list on the previous page.

Then make a start on your *Bullets* and see that your entry reaches the judges by Saturday, May 18, if to-day's Giant 3-in-1 first is to be yours.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

DANGEROUS CROSSING
PROBLEM FOR EVERYBODY
ROUND THE CORNER
SOLDIERS
MUST BE PAID
WITHOUT A MURMUR
THE COMEDIAN
IN A HURRY
ON DEAF EARS
BITTER CUP
SHE LOOKED DAGGERS AND
YOUTH AT THE HELM
CURE FOR UNEMPLOYMENT
FINE CHANCE
RAMSAY AND CO.
PARTING
SONNY'S RABBITS
OUT OF THE GROUND
IRON WILL
DOGS OF WAR
WHAT THE VICTIM SAID
ACCORDING TO AUNTIE
LIKE MICE
COMMON-SENSE
WITH HER FAMILY
CONFINED TO BARRACKS
WHEN DAD'S HORSE WON
SHOCK FOR THE NEIGHBOURS
OUT OF HAND
"AFTER YOU!"
MAN WITH VISION
RUNNING AWAY
HIS IDOL
DOUBTFUL CHARACTER
WON'T SHRINK
MIGHTY HIT

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(983) Closing SAT., May 18. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. | **Signed** ..... **Address** .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(983) Closing SAT., May 18. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. | **Signed** ..... **Address** .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(983) Closing SAT., May 18. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. | **Signed** ..... **Address** .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(983) Closing SAT., May 18. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. | **Signed** ..... **Address** .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(983) Closing SAT., May 18. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 5 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. 6d. | **Signed** ..... **Address** .....

SAVE MONEY

By enclosing this new Easy Registration Coupon with your entry for "Bullets" or "John Bull" Crosswords and thus secure the pages of Competition assistance

FREE!

ENCLOSE THIS COUPON WITH YOUR "BULLETS" OR "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of "Bullets Bulletin" and Crossword Gazette. I have affixed 3d. in stamps to this coupon for postage.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

If not entering for Competition, post coupon direct to "Bulletin" Dept., 30, Bedford St., London, W.C.2

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Affix 1½d. stamp here

If you wish to use Advertiser's coupon on back, you can apply for your free issues of "Bullets Bulletin" on plain paper.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed "& Co." Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

The original cheque for £2,000 chosen (with Ideal Home and Car) by the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 978 will be displayed in the window of Messrs. Ludlam and Son, Lymington Road, Highcliffe.

ENTRY-FEE.—Enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co."

Should you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 983 usually purchase. "John Bull."

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 983, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

Not a Drug, But a Vital Cell-Food

Elasto

REGISTERED

For the Veins, Arteries and Heart

A Good Circulation is the Real Basis of Health!

NO ailment resulting from poor or sluggish circulation of the blood can resist the curative action of Elasto. Varicose veins cease to be troublesome and soon become normal, the heart becomes steady, the arteries supple, skin troubles clear up, old wounds become clean and healthy and commence to heal, swellings go down, inflammation and irritation are soothed, rheumatism is quickly relieved, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto.

Elasto Cures Through the Blood!

Elasto is something new to curative science, it dispenses entirely with the use of drugs; it is based on the knowledge that muscular weakness, varicose veins, bad leg, rheumatism, hardened arteries, heart weakness—to name but a few of the many ailments associated with bad circulation—*are deficiency diseases*; that in all such conditions there is a lack of certain *vital constituents of the blood.* Owing to this lack the body is unable to build up the elastic tissue needed to maintain the vein and artery walls and the membranes in a healthy condition and a state of flabbiness results. Elasto restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with albumin to form elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore contractility to the relaxed and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal circulation; *the real basis of sound health.*

Elasto Will Save You Pounds!

Every sufferer should know of this wonderful *New Blood* Remedy which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; stimulating the growth of new healthy tissue-cells to replace worn out and diseased tissues, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own laws of healing. Elasto is prepared in tiny tablets; *it dissolves instantly* on the tongue, and is absorbed directly into the blood stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood! *Elasto does not enter the stomach; it cures through the blood.* That explains why Elasto succeeds where ordinary treatments have failed. It also explains why Elasto gives results for a few shillings where formerly pounds have been spent to no purpose. For the outlay of a few shillings you can now enjoy the tremendous advantages of this modern scientific remedy which has cost thousands of pounds to perfect.

Read What Users of Elasto say—

"No sign of varicose veins now."
"All signs of phlebitis gone."
"I was suffering from mitral disease and dare not exert myself in any way, but now, thanks to Elasto, my heart is quite sound again."
"My Doctor highly praises Elasto."
"Now walk long distances with ease."
"Elasto has cured my bad legs."
"Elasto tones up the system and cures depression."
"As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever."
"Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."
"Rheumatoid arthritis gone. I have never felt better."
"Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me."
"The stinging sensations I used to get in my left arm and leg (arterio-sclerosis) are quite gone and my general health is much improved."
"Now free from piles."
"Suffered for years from a weak heart, but Elasto cured me."
"Completely cured my varicose ulcers."
"I am now free from pain."
"My skin is as soft as velvet, thanks to Elasto." Etc.

ELASTO THE COMMON-SENSE REMEDY

In all diseased conditions, no matter what the ailment may be, the blood stream is at fault, and no treatment can give lasting results if this all-important fact is overlooked. Keep the blood free-running, like a deep, fast-flowing river, enrich it with the necessary elements for cell building, and for the removal of toxic and acid waste materials, and health *must* result. This is precisely what Elasto, the Wonderful *New Blood* Remedy, is designed to do; it is actually what Elasto does, surely and effectively, by a method new to curative science. *Elasto Cures Through the Blood!*

Take Elasto for:-

Varicose Veins, Varicose Ulcers, Eczema, Psoriasis, Phlebitis, Thrombosis, Anæmia, Bad Circulation, Muscular Weakness, Heart Troubles, Swollen Legs, Inflamed Wounds, Gout, Rheumatism, Neuritis, and all these troubles generally known as bad leg. Piles, Prolapsus, Varicocele, Hardened Arteries (Arterio-Sclerosis), Arthritis, Sciatica, Lumbago and all relaxed conditions, no matter where they occur.

For All "John Bull" Readers

FREE

A Generous Sample of this Wonder Remedy

SIMPLY fill in the Coupon below for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the Great New Blood Remedy. These, together with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it! Or send 5s. for a whole month's supply (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes!!

This offer is too good to be missed! ★

The NEW ERA TREATMENT Co., Ltd.
(Dept. 15), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Not Magic—Just Logic!

ELASTO corrects all Circulatory Disorders, because it restores muscular tone to the Heart and contractility to Veins and Arteries, making them as healthy and as sound as ever. It is prepared in tiny tablets which dissolve instantly on the tongue and are absorbed directly into the blood stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood! Elasto is not a drug but a vital cell-food which MUST be present in the blood to ensure complete health. In the blood it becomes immediately active, stimulating the growth of new healthy tissue-cells to replace worn-out and disease-damaged tissues.

There are no Substitutes for Elasto! Beware of Imitations!

COUPON for Free Trial Sample of Elasto

The Great Blood Revitaliser

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT CO., Ltd.
(Dept. 15), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

★ Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet, "The Story of Elasto," fully explaining how Elasto, *The Great Blood Revitaliser*, cures through the blood.

NAME .....
(*Please Print in Capital Letters.*)

ADDRESS .....

"John Bull," 21/5/35 .....

Don't long for relief—get Elasto and be sure of it!

155 B 108

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A 12